

THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS TICKELL  
WITH A MEMOIR (1854)



THOMAS TICKELL  
SAMUEL JOHNSON

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## THE LIFE OF TICKELL,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the Reverend Richard Tickell, was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland; and in April, 1701, became a member of Queen's College, in Oxford; in 1708, he was made master of arts; and, two years afterwards, was chosen fellow; for which, as he did not comply with the statutes by taking orders, he obtained a dispensation from the Crown. He held his fellowship till 1726, and then vacated it, by marrying, in that year, at Dublin.

Tickell was not one of those scholars who wear away their lives in closets; he entered early into the world, and was long busy in public affairs; in which he was initiated under the patronage of Addison, whose notice he is said to have gained by his verses in praise of Rosamond.

To those verses it would not have been just to deny regard; for they contain some of the most elegant encomiastic strains; and, among the innumerable poems of the same kind, it will be hard

to find one with which they need to fear a comparison. It may deserve observation, that when Pope wrote long afterwards in praise of Addison, he has copied, at least has resembled, Tickell.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,  
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.  
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,  
And hears and tells the story of their loves,  
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,  
Since Love, which made them wretched, makes them great.  
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,  
Which gain'd a Virgil and an Addison.

TICKELL.

Then future ages with delight shall see  
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;  
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,  
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.

POPE.

He produced another piece of the same kind at the appearance of Cato, with equal skill, but not equal happiness.

When the ministers of Queen Anne were negotiating with France, Tickell published *The Prospect of Peace*, a poem, of which the tendency was to reclaim the nation from the pride of conquest to the pleasures of tranquillity. How far Tickell, whom Swift afterwards mentioned as Whiggissimus, had then connected himself with any party, I know not; this poem certainly did not flatter the practices, or promote the opinions, of the men by whom he was afterwards befriended.

Mr. Addison, however he hated the men then

in power, suffered his friendship to prevail over his public spirit, and gave in the *Spectator* such praises of Tickell's poem, that when, after having long wished to peruse it, I laid hold on it at last, I thought it unequal to the honours which it had received, and found it a piece to be approved rather than admired. But the hope excited by a work of genius, being general and indefinite, is rarely gratified. It was read at that time with so much favour, that six editions were sold.

At the arrival of King George he sung *The Royal Progress*; which, being inserted in the *Spectator*, is well known; and of which it is just to say, that it is neither high nor low.

The poetical incident of most importance in Tickell's life was his publication of the first book of the *Iliad*, as translated by himself, an apparent opposition to Pope's *Homer*, of which the first part made its entrance into the world at the same time.

Addison declared that the rival versions were both good; but that Tickell's was the best that ever was made; and with Addison, the wits, his adherents and followers, were certain to concur. Pope does not appear to have been much dismayed; "for," says he, "I have the town, that is, the mob on my side." But he remarks, "that it is common for the smaller party to make up in diligence what they want in numbers; he appeals to the people as his proper judges; and, if they

are not inclined to condemn him, he is in little care about the high-flyers at Button's."

Pope did not long think Addison an impartial judge; for he considered him as the writer of Tickell's version. The reasons for his suspicion I will literally transcribe from Mr. Spence's Collection.

"There had been a coldness (said Mr. Pope) between Mr. Addison and me for some time; and we had not been in company together, for a good while, any where but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there, one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me, at such a tavern, if I staid till those people were gone, (Budgell and Philips.) We went accordingly; and after dinner Mr. Addison said, 'That he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the Iliad; that he designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; that he must therefore beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double-dealing. I assured him, that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look

over my first book of the Iliad, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's; but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on the second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly I sent him the second book the next morning; and Mr. Addison a few days after returned it, with very high commendations. Soon after it was generally known that Mr. Tickell was publishing the first book of the Iliad, I met Dr. Young in the street; and upon our falling into that subject, the Doctor expressed a great deal of surprise at Tickell's having had such a translation so long by him. He said, that it was inconceivable to him, and that there must be some mistake in the matter; that each used to communicate to the other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things; that Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there without his knowing something of the matter; and that he had never heard a single word of it till on this occasion. The surprise of Dr. Young, together with what Steele has said against Tickell in relation to this affair, make it highly probable that there was some underhand dealing in that business; and indeed Tickell himself, who is a very fair worthy man, has since, in a manner as good as owned it to me. When it was introduced into a conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope, by a third person, Tickell did not deny it; which, considering his honour

and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it."

Upon these suspicions, with which Dr. Warburton hints that other circumstances concurred, Pope always, in his *Art of Sinking*, quotes this book as the work of Addison.

To compare the two translations would be tedious; the palm is now given universally to Pope; but I think the first lines of Tickell's were rather to be preferred; and Pope seems to have since borrowed something from them in the correction of his own.

When the Hanover succession was disputed, Tickell gave what assistance his pen would supply. His letter to Avignon stands high among party-poems; it expresses contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence. It had the success which it deserved, being five times printed.

He was now intimately united to Mr. Addison, who, when he went into Ireland as secretary to the lord Sunderland, took him thither and employed him in public business; and when (1717) afterwards he rose to be secretary of state, made him under-secretary. Their friendship seems to have continued without abatement; for when Addison died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs.

To these works he prefixed an elegy on the author, which could owe none of its beauties to

the assistance which might be suspected to have strengthened or embellished his earlier compositions ; but neither he nor Addison ever produced nobler lines than are contained in the third and fourth paragraphs ; nor is a more sublime or more elegant funeral-poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature.

He was afterwards (about 1725) made secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour ; in which he continued till 1740, when he died on the twenty-third of April, at Bath.

Of the poems yet unmentioned the longest is Kensington Gardens, of which the versification is smooth and elegant, but the fiction unskilfully compounded of Grecian deities and Gothic fairies. Neither species of those exploded beings could have done much ; and, when they are brought together, they only make each other contemptible. To Tickell, however, cannot be refused a high place among the minor poets ; nor should it be forgotten that he was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*. With respect to his personal character, he is said to have been a man of gay conversation, at least a temperate lover of wine and company, and in his domestic relations without censure.



## POEMS.

### ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S

REBUILDING THE LODGINGS OF THE BLACK PRINCE,  
AND HENRY V. AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

WHERE bold and graceful soars, secure of fame,  
The pile, now worthy great Philippa's name,  
Mark that old ruin, gothic and uncouth,  
Where the Black Edward pass'd his beardless  
youth ;

And the Fifth Henry, for his first renown,  
Outstripp'd each rival in a student's gown.

In that coarse age were princes fond to dwell  
With meagre monks, and haunt the silent cell :  
Sent from the monarch's to the Muse's court,  
Their meals were frugal, and their sleeps were  
short ;

To couch at curfew time they thought no scorn,  
And froze at matins every winter-morn ;  
They read, an early book, the starry frame,  
And lisped each constellation by its name ;

Art after art still dawning to their view,  
And their mind opening as their stature grew.

Yet, whose ripe manhood spread our fame so  
far,

Sages in peace, and demi-gods in war!  
Who, stern in fight, made echoing Cressi ring,  
And, mild in conquest, serv'd his captive king!  
Who gain'd, at Agincourt, the victor's bays;  
Nor took himself, but gave good Heaven, the  
praise!

Thy nurslings, ancient dome! to virtue form'd;  
To mercy listening, whilst in fields they storm'd:  
Fierce to the fierce; and warm the opprest to  
save;

Through life rever'd, and worshipp'd in the grave!

In tenfold pride the mouldering roofs shall shine,  
The stately work of bounteous Caroline;  
And blest Philippa, with unenvious eyes,  
From Heaven behold her rival's fabric rise.  
If still, bright saint, this spot deserves thy care,  
Incline thee to the ambitious Muse's prayer:  
O, could'st thou win young William's bloom to  
grace

His mother's walls, and fill thy Edward's place,  
How would that genius whose propitious wings  
Have here twice hover'd o'er the sons of kings,  
Descend triumphant to his ancient seat,  
And take in charge a third Plantagenet!

TO THE SUPPOSED

AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage,  
How long the war shall wit with virtue wage?  
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,  
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;  
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,  
And suck pollution through their tingling veins?  
Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may  
hear;  
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.  
To conscious blushes and diminished pride,  
Thy glass betrays what treacherous love would  
hide;  
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,  
Pleas'd while they cure, and cheat us into health.  
Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,  
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart:  
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit  
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in wit:  
From felon gamesters the raw squire is free,  
And Britain owes her rescued oaks to thee.  
His miss the frolic viscount dreads to toast,  
Or his third cure the shallow Templar boast;

And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,  
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,  
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,  
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week  
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.  
A sauntering tribe! such, born to wide estates;  
With yea and no in senates hold debates:  
At length despised each to his fields retires,  
First with the dogs, and king amidst the squires;  
From pert to stupid, sinks supinely down,  
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring  
flight,  
Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;  
Fame, Heaven and Hell, are thy exalted theme,  
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;  
Man sunk to slavery, though to glory born,  
Heaven's pride when upright, and deprav'd his  
scorn.

Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,  
And thou alone deserve from such a friend;  
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame,  
And fame, when shar'd with him, is double fame.  
So, flush'd with sweets by Beauty's queen be-  
stow'd,

With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd:  
Such generous strifes Eugene and Marlborough  
try,  
And as in glory, so in friendship, vie.

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame  
A Muse that pants and languishes for fame ;  
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,  
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things :  
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my rhymes,  
The praise of virgins in succeeding times :  
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall

see,

But stand protected, as inspir'd, by thee.

So some weak shoot, which else would poorly

rise,

Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies ;  
Through the new pupil fostering juices flow,  
Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to

blow

Aloft ; immortal reigns the plant unknown,  
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

A POEM,  
TO HIS EXCELLENCY, THE LORD PRIVY SEAL,  
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

.....*Sacerdos*

*Fronde super mitram, et felici comptus oliva.*

VIRG.

TO THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

CONTENDING kings, and fields of death, too long  
Have been the subject of the British song.  
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's plain,  
Bavaria's fall, and Danube choak'd with slain !  
Exhausted themes ! a gentler note I raise,  
And sing returning peace in softer lays.  
Their fury quell'd, and martial rage allay'd,  
I wait our heroes in the sylvan shade :  
Disbanding hosts are imag'd to my mind,  
And warring powers in friendly leagues combin'd,  
While ease and pleasure make the nations smile,  
And Heaven and Anna bless Britannia's isle.  
Well sends our queen her mitred Bristol forth,  
For early counsels fam'd, and long-tried worth ;  
Who, thirty rolling years, had oft withheld  
The Swede and Saxon from the dusty field ;

Completely form'd to heal the Christian wounds,  
To name the kings, and give each kingdom bounds ;  
The face of ravag'd Nature to repair,  
By leagues to soften earth, and Heaven by prayer,  
To gain by love, where rage and slaughter fail,  
And make the crosier o'er the sword prevail.

So when great Moses, with Jehovah's wand,  
Had scatter'd plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's  
land,

Now spread an host of locusts round the shore,  
Now turn'd Nile's fattening streams to putrid  
gore ;

Plenty and gladness mark'd the priest of God,  
And sudden almonds shot from Aaron's rod.

O thou from whom these bounteous blessings flow,  
To whom, as chief, the hopes of peace we owe,  
(For next to thee, the man whom kings contend  
To style companion, and to make their friend,  
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly grace,  
With joyful pride accepts the second place,)  
From Britain's isle, and Isis' sacred spring,  
One hour, oh ! listen while the Muses sing.  
Though ministers of mighty monarchs wait,  
With beating hearts to learn their master's fate,  
One hour forbear to speak thy queen's commands,  
Nor think the world, thy charge, neglected stands ;  
The blissful prospects, in my verse display'd  
May lure the stubborn, the deceiv'd persuade :  
Ev'n thou to peace shalt speedier urge the way,  
And more be hasten'd by this short delay.

## ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

THE haughty Gaul, in ten campaigns o'er-  
thrown,

Now ceas'd to think the western world his own.  
Oft had he mourn'd his boasting leaders bound,  
And his proud bulwarks smoking on the ground :  
In vain with powers renew'd he fill'd the plain,  
Made timorous vows, and brib'd the saints in vain ;  
As oft his legions did the fight decline,  
Lurk'd in the trench, and skulk'd behind the line.  
Before his eyes the fancied javelin gleams,  
At feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in dreams ;  
On glory past reflects with secret pain,  
On mines exhausted, and on millions slain.

To Britain's queen the scepter'd suppliant bends,  
To her his crowns and infant race commends,  
Who grieves her fame with Christian blood to buy,  
Nor asks for glory at a price so high.  
At her decree, the war suspended stands,  
And Britain's heroes hold their lifted hands,  
Their open brows no threatening frowns disguise,  
But gentler passions sparkle in their eyes.  
The Gauls, who never in their courts could find  
Such temper'd fire with manly beauty join'd,  
Doubt if they're those, whom, dreadful to the view,  
In forms so fierce their fearful fancies drew ;  
At whose dire names ten thousand widows preat  
Their helpless orphans clinging to the breast.

In silent rapture each his foe surveys :  
They vow firm friendship, and give mutual praise.  
Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends ;  
Their generous discord with the battle ends ;  
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,  
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,  
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound.  
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,  
And scatter'd armies seek their native land.  
The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,  
The manly charms and honours of the war,  
Who hop'd to share his friends' illustrious doom,  
And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,  
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,  
And, sighing, bids the glorious camp adieu.

Ye generous fair, receive the brave with smiles,  
O'erpay their sleepless nights, and crown their toils ;  
Soft beauty is the gallant soldier's due,  
For you they conquer, and they bleed for you.  
In vain proud Gaul with boastful Spain conspires,  
When English valour English beauty fires ;  
The nations dread your eyes, and kings despair  
Of chiefs so brave, till they have nymphs so fair.

See the fond wife in tears of transport drown'd,  
Hugs her rough lord, and weeps o'er every wound,  
Hangs on the lips that fields of blood relate,  
And smiles, or trembles, at his various fate.  
Near the full bowl he draws the fancied line,  
And marks feign'd trenches in the flowing wine,

Then sets the invested fort before his eyes,  
And mines, that whirl'd battalions to the skies :  
His little listening progeny turn pale,  
And beg again to hear the dreadful tale.

Such dire achievements sings the bard that tells  
Of palfrey'd dames, bold knights, and magic spells,  
Where whole brigades one champion's arms o'er-  
throw,

And cleave a giant at a random blow,  
Slay paynims vile, that force the fair, and tame  
The goblin's fury, and the dragon's flame.

Our eager youth to distant nations run,  
To visit fields, their valiant fathers won ;  
From Flandria's shore their country's fame they  
trace,

Till far Germania shows her blasted face.  
The exulting Briton asks his mournful guide,  
Where his hard fate the lost Bavaria tried :  
Where Stepney grav'd the stone to Anna's fame,  
He points to Blenheim, once a vulgar name ;  
Here fled the Household, there did Tallard yield,  
Here Marlborough turn'd the fortune of the field,  
On those steep banks, near Danube's raging flood ;  
The Gauls thrice started back, and trembling  
stood : [long,

When, Churchill's arm perceiv'd, they stood not  
But plung'd amidst the waves, a desperate throng,  
Crowds whelm'd on crowds dash'd wide the wa-  
tery bed,

And drove the current to its distant head.

As, when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's hands  
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands,  
 Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,  
 Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore ;  
 If chance a generous steed the work behold,  
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold :  
 So, Hocstet seen, tumultuous passions roll,  
 And hints of glory fire the Briton's soul,  
 In fancy'd fights he sees the troops engage,  
 And all the tempest of the battle rage.

Charm me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly  
 bright,

Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,  
 Content to see the honours of the field  
 By ploughshares levell'd, or in flowers conceal'd.  
 O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,  
 And grass luxuriant clothe the harmless mine.  
 Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,  
 Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground ;  
 While shepherds sleep, along the rampard laid,  
 Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.

Who was the man ? Oblivion blast his name,  
 Torn out, and blotted from the list of Fame !  
 Who, fond of lawless rule, and proudly brave,  
 First sunk the filial subject to a slave,  
 His neighbour's realms by frauds unkingly gain'd,  
 In guiltless blood the sacred ermine stain'd,  
 Laid schemes for death, to slaughter turn'd his  
 heart,

And fitted murder to the rules of art.

Ah ! curst Ambition, to thy lures we owe  
All the great ill, that mortals bear below.  
Curst by the hind, when to the spoil he yields  
His year's whole sweat, and vainly ripen'd fields ;  
Curst by the maid, torn from her lover's side,  
When left a widow, though not yet a bride ;  
By mothers curst, when floods of tears they  
shed,

And scatter useless roses on the dead.  
Oh, sacred Bristol ! then, what dangers prove  
The arts, thou smil'st on with paternal love ?  
Then, mixt with rubbish by the brutal foes,  
In vain the marble breathes, the canvas glows ;  
To shades obscure the glittering sword pursues  
The gentle poet, and defenceless Muse.  
A voice like thine, alone, might then assuage  
The warrior's fury, and control his rage ;  
To hear thee speak, might the fierce Vandal  
stand,

And fling the brandish'd sabre from his hand.

Far hence be driven to Scythia's stormy shore  
The drum's harsh music, and the cannon's roar ;  
Let grim Bellona haunt the lawless plain,  
Where Tartar clans and grizzly Cossacks reign ;  
Let the steel'd Turk be deaf to matrons' cries,  
See virgins ravish'd with relentless eyes,  
To death gray heads and smiling infants doom,  
Nor spare the promise of the pregnant womb,  
O'er wasted kingdoms spread his wide command,  
The savage lord of an unpeopled land.

Her guiltless glory just Britannia draws  
From pure religion, and impartial laws,  
To Europe's wounds a mother's aid she brings,  
And holds in equal scales the rival kings:  
Her generous sons in choicest gifts abound,  
Alike in arms, alike in arts renown'd.

As when sweet Venus (so the fable sings)  
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs,  
With smiles she sees the threatening billows  
rise,  
Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring  
skies.

Light, o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids  
crown'd,

The pearly couch and silver turtles bound;  
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.

Amidst the world of waves so stands serene  
Britannia's isle, the ocean's stately queen;  
In vain the nations have conspired her fall,  
Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wall:  
Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,  
Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.  
What bold invader, or what land opprest,  
Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redrest!  
Say, where have e'er her union-crosses sail'd,  
But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd!  
Her labours are, to plead th' Almighty's cause,  
Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian laws:  
Who conquers wins by brutal strength the prize;  
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great Russia's throne  
 The king, whose power half Europe's regions  
     own,

Whose sceptre waving, with one shout rush forth  
 In swarms the harness'd millions of the north,  
 Through realms of ice pursued his tedious way  
 'To court our friendship, and our fame survey !  
 Hence the rich prize of useful arts he bore,  
 And round his empire spread the learned store :  
 (T' adorn old realms is more than new to raise,  
 His country's parent is a monarch's praise.)  
 His bands now march in just array to war,  
 And Caspian gulfs unusual navies bear ;  
 With Runick lays Smolensko's forests ring,  
 And wondering Volga hears the Muses sing.  
 Did not the painted kings of India greet  
 Our queen, and lay their sceptres at her feet ?  
 Chiefs who full bowls of hostile blood had quaff'd,  
 Fam'd for the javelin, and envenom'd shaft,  
 Whose haughty brows made savages adore,  
 Nor bow'd to less than stars or sun before.  
 Her pitying smile accepts their suppliant claim,  
 And adds four monarchs to the Christian name.

Blest use of power ! O virtuous pride in kings !  
 And like his bounty, whence dominion springs !  
 Which o'er new worlds makes Heaven's indul-  
     gence shine,  
 And ranges myriads under laws divine ! [hold,  
 Well bought with all that those sweet regions  
 With groves of spices, and with mines of gold.

Fearless our merchant now pursues his gain,  
 And roams securely o'er the boundless main.  
 Now o'er his head the polar Bear he spies,  
 And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies ;  
 Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,  
 With glittering spoils where Indian grottos shine,  
 Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,  
 And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.  
 Here nearer suns prepare the ripening gem,  
 To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,  
 And here the ore, whose melted mass shall  
     yield

On faithful coins each memorable field,  
 Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,  
 May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

In circling beams shall godlike Anna glow,  
 And Churchill's sword hang o'er the prostrate foe ;  
 In comely wounds shall bleeding worthies stand,  
 Webb's firm platoon, and Lumley's faithful band.  
 Bold Mordaunt in Iberian trophies drest,  
 And Campbell's dragon on his dauntless breast,  
 Great Ormond's deeds on Vigo's spoils enroll'd,  
 And Guiscard's knife on Harley's Chili gold.  
 And if the Muse, O Bristol, might decree,  
 Here Granville noted by the lyre should be,  
 The lyre for Granville, and the cross for thee.

Such are the honours grateful Britain pays ;  
 So patriots merit, and so monarchs praise.  
 O'er distant times such records shall prevail,  
 When English numbers, antiquated, fail :

A trifling song the Muse can only yield,  
And soothe her soldiers panting from the field.  
To sweet retirements see them safe convey'd,  
And raise their battles in the rural shade.  
From fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful  
          glooms,

(The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—  
Begin my Muse, and softly touch the string :  
Here Henry lov'd ; and Chaucer learn'd to sing.

    Hail, fabled grotto ! hail, Elysian soil !  
Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle !  
Where kings of old, conceal'd, forgot the throne,  
And beauty was content to shine unknown ;  
Where Love and War by turns pavilions rear,  
And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome  
          appear ;

The weary'd champion lull in soft alcoves,  
The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.  
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall be seen  
By Rosamonda fleeing o'er the green,  
In dreams be hail'd by heroes' mighty shades,  
And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades,  
O'er the fam'd echoing vaults his name shall bound,  
And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.

    Here, here at least thy love for arms give o'er,  
Nor, one world conquer'd, fondly wish for more.  
Vice of great souls alone ! O thirst of fame !  
The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame.  
Thy toils be now to chase the bounding deer,  
Or view the coursers stretch in wild career.

This lovely scene shall soothe thy soul to rest,  
 And wear each dreadful image from thy breast.  
 With pleasure, by thy conquests shalt thou see  
 Thy queen triumphant, and all Europe free.  
 No cares henceforth shall thy repose destroy,  
 But what thou giv'st the world, thyself enjoy.

Sweet Solitude ! when life's gay hours are past  
 Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last :  
 Tost through tempestuous seas (the voyage o'er)  
 Pale we look back, and bless thy friendly shore.  
 Our own strict judges, our past life we scan,  
 And ask if glory hath enlarg'd the span :  
 If bright the prospect, we the grave defy,  
 Trust future ages, and contented die. [come,

When strangers from far distant climes shall  
 To view the pomp of this triumphant dome,  
 Where, rear'd aloft, dissembled trophies stand,  
 And breathing labours of the sculptor's hand,  
 Where Kneller's art shall paint the flying Gaul,  
 And Bourbon's woes shall fill the story'd wall ;  
 Heirs of thy blood shall o'er their bounteous board  
 Fix Europe's guard, thy monumental sword,  
 Banners that oft have wav'd on conquer'd walls,  
 And trumps, that drown'd the groans of gasping  
 Gauls.

Fair dames shall oft, with curious eye, explore  
 The costly robes that slaughter'd generals wore,  
 Rich trappings from the Danube's whirlpools  
 brought,  
 (Hesperian nuns the gorgeous broidery wrought,)

Belts stiff with gold, the Boian horseman's pride,  
And Gaul's fair flowers, in human crimson dy'd.  
Of Churchill's race perhaps some lovely boy  
Shall mark the burnish'd steel that hangs on high,  
Shall gaze transported on its glittering charms,  
And reach it struggling with unequal arms,  
By signs the drum's tumultuous sound request,  
Then seek, in starts, the hushing mother's breast.

So in the painter's animated frame,  
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,  
The little Loves in sport his fauchion wield,  
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous  
shield:

One strokes the plume in Tytion's gore embued,  
And one the spear, that reeks with Typhon's  
blood:

Another's infant brows the helm sustain,  
He nods his crest, and frights the shrieking  
train.

Thus, the rude tempest of the field o'erblown,  
Shall whiter rounds of smiling years roll on,  
Our victors, blest in peace, forget their wars,  
Enjoy past dangers, and absolve the stars.  
But, oh! what sorrows shall bedew your urns,  
Ye honour'd shades, whom widow'd Albion  
mourns!

If your thin forms yet discontented moan,  
And haunt the mangled mansions, once your own;  
Behold what flowers the pious Muses strow,  
And tears, which in the midst of triumph flow;

Cypress and bays your envy'd brows surround,  
Your names the tender matron's heart shall wound,  
And the soft maid grow pensive at the sound.

Accept, great Anne, the tears their memory  
draws,

Who nobly perish'd in their sovereign's cause :  
For thou in pity bid'st the war give o'er,  
Mourn'st thy slain heroes, nor wilt venture more.  
Vast price of blood on each victorious day !  
(But Europe's freedom doth that price repay.)  
Lamented triumphs ! when one breath must tell  
That Marlborough conquer'd, and that Dormer fell.

Great queen ! whose name strikes haughty mo-  
narchs pale,

On whose just sceptre hangs Europa's scale,  
Whose arm like Mercy wounds, decides like  
Fate,

On whose decree the nations anxious wait :  
From Albion's cliffs thy wide-extended hand  
Shall o'er the main to far Peru command ;  
So vast a tract whose wide domain shall run,  
Its circling skies shall see no setting sun.  
Thee, thee an hundred languages shall claim,  
And savage Indians swear by Anna's name ;  
The line and poles shall own thy rightful sway,  
And thy commands the sever'd globe obey.

Round the vast ball thy new dominions chain  
The watery kingdoms, and control the main ;  
Magellan's straits to Gibraltar they join,  
Across the seas a formidable line ;

The sight of adverse Gaul we fear no more,  
 But pleas'd see Dunkirk, now a guiltless shore,  
 In vain great Neptune tore the narrow ground,  
 And meant his waters for Britannia's bound;  
 Her giant genius takes a mighty stride,  
 And sets his foot beyond the encroaching tide;  
 On either bank the land its master knows,  
 And in the midst the subject ocean flows.

So near proud Rhodes, across the raging flood,  
 Stupendous form! the vast Colossus stood,  
 (While at one foot their thronging galleys ride,  
 A whole hour's sail scarce reach the further side,)  
 Betwixt his brazen-thighs, in loose array,  
 Ten thousand streamers on the billows play.

By Harley's counsels, Dunkirk, now restor'd  
 To Britain's empire, owns her ancient lord.  
 In him transfus'd his godlike father reigns,  
 Rich in the blood which swell'd that patriot's veins,  
 Who, boldly faithful, met his sovereign's frown,  
 And scorn'd for gold to yield th' important town.  
 His son was born the ravish'd prey to claim,  
 And France still trembles at an Harley's name.

A fort so dreadful to our English shore,  
 Our fleets scarce fear'd the sands or tempests  
 more,

Whose vast expenses to such sums amount,  
 That the tax'd Gaul scarce furnish'd out th' account,  
 Whose walls such bulwarks, such vast towers  
 restrain,

Its weakest ramparts are the rocks and main,

His boast great Louis yields, and cheaply buys  
 Thy friendship, Anna, with the mighty prize.  
 Holland repining, and in grief cast down,  
 Sees the new glories of the British crown :  
 Ah ! may they ne'er provoke thee to the fight,  
 Nor foes, more dreadful than the Gaul, invite.  
 Soon may they hold the olive, soon assuage  
 Their secret murmurs, nor call forth thy rage  
 To rend their banks, and pour, at one command,  
 Thy realm, the sea, o'er their precarious land.

Henceforth be thine, vicegerent of the skies,  
 Scorn'd worth to raise, and vice in robes chastise  
 To dry the orphan's tears, and from the bar  
 Chase the brib'd judge, and hush the wordy  
 war,

Deny the curst blasphemer's tongue to rage,  
 And turn God's fury from an impious age.  
 Blest change ! the soldier's late destroying hand  
 Shall rear new temples in his native land ;  
 Mistaken zealots shall with fear behold,  
 And beg admittance in our sacred fold :  
 On her own works the pious queen shall smile,  
 And turn her cares upon her favourite isle.

So the keen bolt a warrior angel aims,  
 Array'd in clouds, and wrapt in mantling flames ;  
 He bears a tempest on his sounding wings,  
 And his red arm the forky vengeance flings ;  
 At length, Heaven's wrath appeas'd, he quits the  
 war,

To roll his orb, and guide his destin'd star,

To shed kind fate, and lucky hours bestow,  
And smile propitious on the world below.

Around thy throne shall faithful nobles wait,  
These guard the church, and those direct the state.  
To Bristol, graceful in maternal tears,  
The church her towery forehead gently rears ;  
She begs her pious son t' assert her cause,  
Defend her rights, and reënforce her laws,  
With holy zeal the sacred work begin,  
To bend the stubborn, and the meek to win.

Our Oxford's earl in careful thought shall stand,  
To raise his queen, and save a sinking land.  
The wealthiest glebe to ravenous Spaniards known  
He marks, and makes the golden world our own,  
Content with hands unsoil'd to guard the prize,  
And keep the store with undesiring eyes.

So round the tree, that bore Hesperian gold,  
The sacred watch lay curl'd in many a fold,  
His eyes uprearing to th' untasted prey,  
The sleepless guardian wasted life away.

Beneath the peaceful olives, rais'd by you,  
Her ancient pride, shall every art renew,  
(The arts with you fam'd Harcourt shall defend,  
And courtly Bolingbroke, the Muse's friend.)  
With piercing eye some search where Nature  
    plays,  
And trace the wanton through her darksome maze,  
Whence health from herbs ; from seeds how groves  
    begun,  
How vital streams in circling eddies run.

Some teach why round the Sun the spheres  
     advance,  
 In the fix'd measures of their mystic dance,  
 How tides, when heav'd by pressing moons, o'er-  
     flow,  
 And sun-born Iris paints her showery bow.  
 In happy chains our daring language bound,  
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound,  
 But buskin'd bards henceforth shall wisely rage,  
 And Grecian plans reform Britannia's stage :  
 Till Congreve bids her smile, Augusta stands  
 And longs to weep when flowing Rowe commands.  
 Britain's Spectators shall their strength combine  
 To mend our morals and our taste refine,  
 Fight virtue's cause, stand up in wit's defence,  
 Win us from vice, and laugh us into sense.  
 Nor, Prior, hast thou hush'd the trump in vain,  
 Thy lyre shall now revive her mirthful strain,  
 New tales shall now be told ; if right I see,  
 The soul of Chaucer is restor'd in thee.  
 Garth, in majestic numbers, to the stars  
 Shall raise mock heroes, and fantastic wars ;  
 Like the young spreading laurel, Pope, thy  
     name  
 Shoots up with strength, and rises into fame ;  
 With Philips shall the peaceful valleys ring,  
 And Britain hear a second Spenser sing.  
 That much-lov'd youth, whom Utrecht's walls  
     confine,  
 To Bristol's praises shall his Strafford's join :

He too, from whom attentive Oxford draws  
Rules for just thinking, and poetic laws,  
To growing bards his learned aid shall lend,  
The strictest critic and the kindest friend.  
Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude essays  
Scarce hope for pardon, not aspire to praise,  
Cherish'd by you, in time may grow to fame,  
And mine survive with Bristol's glorious name.

Fir'd with the views this glittering scene  
displays,

And smit with passion for my country's praise,  
My artless reed attempts this lofty theme,  
Where sacred Isis rolls her ancient stream ;  
In cloister'd domes, the great Philippa's pride,  
Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth  
preside,

Where the fifth Henry arts and arms was taught,  
And Edward form'd his Cressy, yet unfought,  
Where laurell'd bards have struck the warbling  
strings,

The seat of sages, and the nurse of kings.  
Here thy commands, O Lancaster, inflame  
My eager breast to raise the British name,  
Urge on my soul, with no ignoble pride,  
To woo the Muse, whom Addison enjoy'd,  
See that bold swan to Heaven sublimely soar,  
Pursue at distance, and his steps adore.

## TO MR. ADDISON.

## ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

..... Ne fortè pudori  
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

THE Opera first Italian masters taught,  
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;  
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains  
 Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;  
 And blushes on her injur'd stage to see  
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,  
 Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.  
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,  
 And Music borrows helps, she us'd to give.  
 Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans  
 knew,

Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.  
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,  
 The height of thought may seem superfluous aid;  
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,  
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,  
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!

What art can trace the visionary scenes,  
The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,  
The babbling sounds that mimic echo plays,  
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze?  
Nature and Art in all their charms combin'd,  
And all Elysium to one view confin'd!  
No further could imagination roam,  
Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlborough rais'd the  
dome.

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,  
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair;  
When bards less soft the moving words supply,  
A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die;  
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain  
(In dirges thus expiring swans complain;)  
Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,  
And every tear in lines so mournful flows;  
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,  
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,  
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid,  
While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,  
And hears and tells the story of their loves,  
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,  
Since Love, which made them wretched, makes  
them great.

Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,  
Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British lays,  
The tribute song an humble subject pays.

So tries the artless lark her early flight,  
And soars, to hail the god of verse and light.  
Unrival'd, as unmatched, be still thy fame,  
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:  
Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,  
Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre;  
While the charm'd reader with thy thought  
    complies,  
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,  
And views thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

## TO THE SAME;

## ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Too long hath love engross'd Britannia's stage,  
And sunk to softness all our-tragic rage:  
By that alone did empires fall or rise,  
And fate depended on a fair-one's eyes:  
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,  
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart,  
You scorn to raise a grief thyself must blame,  
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:  
A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,  
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.  
How do our souls with generous pleasure glow!  
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,

When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight  
 Of all his sufferings venerably great ;  
 Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,  
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride !

The aged oak thus rears his head in air,  
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare ;  
 'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his  
                   state,

Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight :  
 His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,  
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,  
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes ;  
 Awhile they let the world's great business wait,  
 Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.  
 Here taught how ancient heroes rose to fame,  
 Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,  
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,  
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,  
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,  
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit  
 Alike to British arms, and British wit :  
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,  
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans  
                   fight.

Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,  
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.  
 The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,  
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,

In thee we find : each deed, each word exprest,  
And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,  
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire  
With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire ;  
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,  
We most admire, because we know thee most.

## THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

WHEN Brunswick first appear'd, each honest  
heart,  
Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art ;  
For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,  
Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,  
In golden chains the kings of India led,  
Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.  
One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,  
With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main ;  
Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms  
And fills th' infernal region with alarms ;  
A third awakes some druid, to foretell  
Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.  
Exploded fancies ! that in vain deceive,  
While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.  
My Muse th' expected hero shall pursue  
From clime to clime, and keep him still in view ;

His shining march describe in faithful lays  
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise ;  
Their charms, if charms they have, the truth  
supplies,

And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise.

By longing nations for the throne design'd,  
And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind ;  
With secret grief his god-like soul repines,  
And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,  
While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,  
And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's  
way.

Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood  
In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood ;  
When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,  
And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.  
His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,  
And cross the level fields his march pursues.  
Here, pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,  
He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.  
O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies  
Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise ;  
Where every meadow, won with toil and blood  
From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,  
With fruit and flowers the careful hind supplies,  
And clothes the marshes in a rich disguise.  
Such wealth for frugal hands doth Heaven decree,  
And such thy gifts, celestial Liberty !

Through stately towns, and many a fertile plain,  
The pomp advances to the neighbouring main,

Whole nations crowd around with joyful cries,  
And view the hero with insatiate eyes.

In Haga's towers he waits till eastern gales  
Propitious rise to swell the British sails.  
Hither the fame of England's monarch brings  
The vows and friendships of the neighbouring  
kings;

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind  
Takes in the blended interests of mankind,  
The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious  
breast,

Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;  
Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd  
By rocks or streams, the mounds which Heaven  
design'd;

The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,  
Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.

But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,  
And leave the sinking towers, and lessening land.  
The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,  
Breaks through the billows, and divides the main.  
O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine  
eyes,

A watery prospect bounded by the skies:  
Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,  
Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:  
Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,  
And see the wide horizon all thy own.

Still is it thine; though now the cheerful crew  
Hail Albion's cliffs; just whitening to the view.

Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,  
Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.  
The monarch hears the thundering peals around,  
From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,  
Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,  
The roarings of the hoarse-resounding main.

As in the flood he sails, from either side  
He views his kingdom in his rural pride;  
A various scene the wide-spread landscape yields,  
O'er rich enclosures and luxuriant fields;  
A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,  
And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.  
Fair Greenwich, hid in woods, with new delight,  
Shade above shade, now rises to the sight;  
His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,  
And guard the island which they grac'd before.

The sun now rolling down the western way,  
A blaze of fires renews the fading day;  
Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,  
Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold;  
Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,  
Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.  
In one vast shout he seeks the crowded strand,  
And in a peal of thunder gains the land.

Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,  
Oh! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.  
For thee the East breath'd out a prosperous breeze,  
Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.  
Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,  
And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.

That joyful day they lost each hostile name,  
The same their aspect, and their voice the same.

So two fair twins, whose features were design'd  
At one soft moment in the mother's mind,  
Show each the other with reflected grace,  
And the same beauties bloom in either face;  
The puzzled strangers which is which inquire;  
Delusion grateful to the smiling sire.

From that fair hill,<sup>1</sup> where hoary sages boast  
To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,  
By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,  
Proud town! the noblest scene beneath the skies.  
O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,  
And a vast navy hides his ample bed,  
A floating forest. From the distant strand  
A line of golden cars strikes o'er the land:  
Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,  
Before their king triumphant, lead the way.  
Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,  
A bright procession, shines along the plain.

So, haply through the heaven's wide pathless  
ways

A comet draws a long extended blaze;  
From east to west burns through the ethereal  
frame,

And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.

Now to the regal towers securely brought,  
He plans Britannia's glories in his thought;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Flamstead's house.

Resumes the delegated power he gave,  
Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.  
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining throng,  
Select, to heighten and adorn her song?  
Thee, *Halifax*. To thy capacious mind,  
O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd.  
Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,  
By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,  
An arduous work! again thy charge we see,  
And thy own care once more returns to thee.  
O! form'd in every scene to awe and please,  
Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease:  
Though call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn  
To smile on arts thyself did once adorn:  
For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,  
And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.

The Muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,  
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,  
Record our monarch in a nobler strain,  
And sing the opening wonders of his reign;  
Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,  
Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.  
A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,  
A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes;  
Who sees by Brunswick's hand her sceptre sway'd,  
And through his line from age to age convey'd.

AN IMITATION OF THE PROPHECY OF  
NEREUS.

FROM HORACE. BOOK II. ODE XV.

Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc  
 Indictum ore alio: non secus in jugis  
 Ex somnis stupet Eneas  
 Hebrum prospiciens, et nive candidam  
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro  
 Lustratam Rhodopen. HOR.

As Mar his round one morning took,  
 (Whom some call earl, and some call duke,)  
 And his new brethren of the blade,  
 Shivering with fear and frost, survey'd,  
 On Perth's bleak hills he chanc'd to spy  
 An aged wizard six foot high,  
 With bristled hair and visage blighted,  
 Wall-ey'd, bare-haunch'd, and second-sighted.

The grizzly sage, in thought profound  
 Beheld the chief with back so round,  
 Then roll'd his eye-balls to and fro  
 O'er his paternal hills of snow,  
 And into these tremendous speeches  
 Broke forth the prophet without breeches.

“ Into what ills betray’d, by thee,  
This ancient kingdom do I see !  
Her realms unpeopled and forlorn !  
Wae’s me ! that ever thou wert born !  
Proud English loons (our clans o’ercome)  
On Scottish pads shall amble home ;  
I see them drest in bonnets blue ;  
(The spoils of thy rebellious crew ;)  
I see the target cast away,  
And chequer’d plaid become their prey,  
The chequer’d plaid to make a gown  
For many a lass in London town.

“ In vain thy hungry mountaineers  
Come forth in all thy warlike geers,  
The shield, the pistol, dirk, and dagger,  
In which they daily wont to swagger,  
And oft have sally’d out to pillage  
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village,  
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,  
Have carry’d off a low-land sheep.

“ What boots thy high-born host of beggars,  
Mac-leans, Mac-kenzies, and Mac-gregors,  
With popish cutthroats, perjur’d ruffians,  
And Foster’s troop of ragamuffins ?

“ In vain thy lads around thee bandy,  
Inflam’d with bagpipe and with brandy,  
Doth not bold Sutherland the trusty,  
With heart so true, and voice so rusty,  
(A loyal soul,) thy troops affright,  
While hoarsely he demands the fight ?

Dost thou not generous Ilay dread,  
The bravest hand, the wisest head?  
Undaunted dost thou hear th' alarms  
Of hoary Athol sheath'd in arms?

“ Douglass, who draws his lineage down  
From Thanes and peers of high renown,  
Fiery, and young, and uncontroll'd,  
With knights, and squires, and barons bold,  
(His noble household-band) advances,  
And on the milk-white courser prances.  
Thee Forfar to the combat dares,  
Grown swarthy in Iberian wars;  
And Monroe, kindled into rage,  
Sourly defies thee to engage;  
He'll rout thy foot, though ne'er so many,  
And horse to boot—if thou hadst any.

“ But see Argyll, with watchful eyes,  
Lodg'd in his deep entrenchments lies,  
Couch'd like a lion in thy way,  
He waits to spring upon his prey;  
While, like a herd of timorous deer,  
Thy army shakes and pants with fear,  
Led by their doughty general's skill,  
From frith to frith, from hill to hill.

“ Is thus thy haughty promise paid  
That to the Chevalier was made,  
When thou didst oaths and duty barter,  
For dukedom, generalship, and garter?  
Three moons thy Jemmy shall command,  
With Highland sceptre in his hand,

Too good for his pretended birth,  
.. Then down shall fall the king of Perth.  
    " 'Tis so decreed : for George shall reign,  
And traitors be forsworn in vain.  
Heaven shall for ever on him smile,  
And bless him still with an Argyll.  
While thou, pursued by vengeful foes,  
Condemn'd to barren rocks and snows,  
And hinder'd passing Inverlocky,  
Shall burn the clan, and curse poor Jocky."

## AN EPISTLE

FROM A LADY IN ENGLAND TO A GENTLEMAN AT  
AVIGNON.

To thee, dear rover, and thy vanquish'd friends,  
The health, she wants, thy gentle Chloe sends.  
Though much you suffer, think I suffer more,  
Worse than an exile on my native shore.  
Companions in your master's flight you roam,  
Unenvy'd by your haughty foes at home ;  
For ever near the royal outlaw's side  
You share his fortunes, and his hopes divide,  
On glorious schemes, and thoughts of empire dwell,  
And with imaginary titles swell.

Say, for thou know'st I own his sacred line,  
 The passive doctrine, and the right divine,  
 Say, what new succours does the chief prepare?  
 The strength of armies? or the force of prayer?  
 Does he from Heaven or Earth his hopes derive?  
 From saints departed, or from priests alive?  
 Nor saints nor priests can Brunswick's troops  
     withstand,

And beads drop useless through the zealot's hand;  
 Heaven to our vows may future kingdoms owe,  
 But skill and courage win the crowns below.

Ere to thy cause, and thee, my heart inclin'd,  
 Or love to party had seduc'd my mind,  
 In female joys I took a dull delight,  
 Slept all the morn, and punted half the night:  
 But now, with fears and public cares possest,  
 The church, the church, for ever breaks my  
     rest.

The postboy on my pillow I explore,  
 And sift the news of every foreign shore,  
 Studious to find new friends, and new allies;  
 What armies march from Sweden in disguise;  
 How Spain prepares her banners to unfold,  
 And Rome deals out her blessings, and her gold:  
 Then o'er the map my finger, taught to stray,  
 Cross many a region marks the winding way;  
 From sea to sea, from realm to realm I rove,  
 And grow a mere geographer by love:  
 But still Avignon, and the pleasing coast  
 That holds thee banish'd, claims my care the most:

Oft on the well-known spot I fix my eyes,  
And span the distance that between us lies.

Let not our James, though foil'd in arms, despair,  
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :  
In Britain's lovely isle a shining throng  
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong.  
Th' unthinking victors vainly boast their powers ;  
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.  
We reason with such fluency and fire,  
The beaux we baffle, and the learned tire,  
Against her prelates plead the church's cause,  
And from our judges vindicate the laws. [lost ;  
Then mourn not, hapless prince, thy kingdoms  
A crown, though late, thy sacred brows may boast ;  
Heaven seems through us thy empire to decree ;  
Those who win hearts, have given their hearts to  
thee.

Hast thou not heard that when, profusely gay,  
Our well-drest rivals grac'd their sovereign's day,  
We stubborn damsels met the public view  
In loathsome wormwood, and repenting rue ?  
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless band  
In virgin roses whiten'd half the land !  
Who can forget what fears the foe possess,  
When oaken-boughs mark'd every loyal breast !  
Less scar'd than Medway's stream the Norman  
stood,  
When cross the plain he spy'd a marching wood,  
Till, near at hand, a gleam of swords betray'd  
The youth of Kent beneath its wandering shade ?

Those who the succours of the fair despise,  
May find that we have nails as well as eyes.  
Thy female bards, O prince by fortune crost,  
At least more courage than thy men can boast:  
Our sex has dar'd the mug-house chiefs to meet,  
And purchas'd fame in many a well-fought street.  
From Drury-Lane, the region of renown,  
The land of love, the Paphos of the town,  
Fair patriots sallying oft have put to flight  
With all their poles the guardians of the night,  
And bore, with screams of triumph, to their side  
The leader's staff in all its painted pride.  
Nor fears the hawker in her warbling note  
To vend the discontented statesman's thought,  
Though red with stripes, and recent from the thong,  
Sore smitten for the love of sacred song,  
The tuneful sisters still pursue their trade,  
Like Philomela darkling in the shade.  
Poor Trott attends, forgetful of a fare,  
And hums in concert o'er his easy chair.

Meanwhile, regardless of the royal cause,  
His sword for James no brother sovereign draws  
The pope himself, surrounded with alarms,  
To France his bulls, to Corfu sends his arms,  
And though he hears his darling son's complaint,  
Can hardly spare one tutelary saint,  
But lists them all to guard his own abodes,  
And into ready money coins his gods.  
The dauntless Swede, pursued by vengeful foes,  
Scarce keeps his own hereditary snows ;

Nor must the friendly roof of kind Lorrain  
With feasts regale our garter'd youth again.  
Safe, Bar-le-Duc, within thy silent grove  
The pheasant now may perch, the hare may rove :  
The knight, who aims unerring from afar,  
Th' adventurous knight, now quits the sylvan war :  
Thy brinded boars may slumber undismay'd,  
Or grunt secure beneath the chestnut shade.  
Inconstant Orleans (still we mourn the day,  
That trusted Orleans with imperial sway)  
Far o'er the Alps our helpless monarch sends,  
Far from the call of his desponding friends.  
Such are the terms, to gain Britannia's grace !  
And such the terrors of the Brunswick race !

Was it for this the Sun's whole lustre fail'd,  
And sudden midnight o'er the Moon prevail'd !  
For this did Heaven display to mortal eyes  
Aërial knights and combats in the skies !  
Was it for this Northumbrian streams look'd red !  
And Thames driv'n backward show'd his secret  
bed !

False auguries ! th' insulting victor's scorn !  
Ev'n our own prodigies against us turn !  
O portents construed on our side in vain !  
Let never Tory trust eclipse again !  
Run clear, ye fountains ! be at peace, ye skies !  
And, Thames, henceforth to thy green borders  
rise !

To Rome then must the royal wanderer go,  
And fall a suppliant at the papal toe ?

His life in sloth inglorious must he wear,  
 One half in luxury, and one in prayer?  
 His mind perhaps at length debauch'd with ease,  
 The proffer'd purple and the hat may please.  
 Shall he, whose ancient patriarchal race  
 To mighty Nimrod in one line we trace,  
 In solemn conclave sit, devoid of thought,  
 And poll for points of faith his trusty vote! •  
 Be summon'd to his stall in time of need,  
 And with his casting suffrage fix a creed!  
 Shall he in robes on stated days appear,  
 And English heretics curse once a year!  
 Garnet and Faux shall he with prayers invoke,  
 And beg that Smithfield piles once more may  
     smoke!

Forbid it, Heaven! my soul, to fury wrought,  
 Turns almost Hanoverian at the thought.

From James and Rome I feel my heart decline,  
 And fear, O Brunswick, 'twill be wholly thine;  
 Yet still his share thy rival will contest,  
 And still the double claim divides my breast.  
 The fate of James with pitying eyes I view,  
 And wish my homage were not Brunswick's  
     due:

To James my passion and my weakness guide,  
 But reason sways me to the victor's side.  
 Though griev'd I speak it, let the truth appear!  
 You know my language, and my heart, sincere.  
 In vain did falsehood his fair fame disgrace?  
 What force had falsehood, when he show'd his face!

In vain to war our boastful clans were led ;  
Heaps driv'n on heaps, in the dire shock they fled :  
France shuns his wrath, nor raises to our shame  
A second Dunkirk in another name :  
In Britain's funds their wealth all Europe throws :  
And up the Thames the world's abundance flows :  
Spite of feign'd fears and artificial cries,  
The pious town sees fifty churches rise :  
The hero triumphs as his worth is known,  
And sits more firmly on his shaken throne.

To my sad thought no beam of hope appears  
Through the long prospect of succeeding years.  
The son, aspiring to his father's fame,  
Shows all his sire : another and the same.  
He, blest in lovely Carolina's arms,  
To future ages propagates her charms :  
With pain and joy at strife, I often trace  
The mingled parents in each daughter's face ;  
Half sickening at the sight, too well I spy  
The father's spirit through the mother's eye :  
In vain new thoughts of rage I entertain,  
And strive to hate their innocence in vain.

O princess ! happy by thy foes confest !  
Blest in thy husband ! in thy children blest !  
As they from thee, from them new beauties born,  
While Europe lasts, shall Europe's thrones adorn.  
Transplanted to each court, in times to come,  
Thy smile celestial and unfading bloom,  
Great Austria's sons with softer lines shall grace,  
And smooth the frowns of Bourbon's haughty race.

The fair descendants of thy sacred bed,  
Wide-branching o'er the western world shall  
spread,

Like the fam'd Banian tree, whose pliant shoot  
To earthward bending of itself takes root,  
Till, like their mother plant, ten thousand stand  
In verdant arches on the fertile land ;  
Beneath her shade the tawny Indians rove,  
Or hunt, at large, through the wide echoing grove.

O thou, to whom these mournful lines I send,  
My promis'd husband, and my dearest friend ;  
Since Heaven appoints this favour'd race to reign,  
And blood has drench'd the Scottish fields in vain ;  
Must I be wretched, and thy flight partake ?  
Or wilt not thou, for thy lov'd Chloe's sake,  
Tir'd out at length, submit to fate's decree ?  
If not to Brunswick, O return to me !

Prostrate before the victor's mercy bend :  
What spares whole thousands, may to thee extend.  
Should blinded friends thy doubtful conduct blame,  
Great Brunswick's virtue shall secure thy fame :  
Say these invite thee to approach his throne,  
And own the monarch, Heaven vouchsafes to own :  
The world, convinc'd thy reasons will approve ;  
Say this to them ; but swear to me 'twas love.

## AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF  
STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE, 1718.

Idem

Pacis eras mediusque belli.

HOR.

FAIR daughter once of Windsor's woods !  
In safety o'er the rolling floods,  
Britannia's boast and darling care,  
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.  
May winds propitious on his way  
The minister of peace convey ;  
Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm,  
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails  
Already swell with western gales ;  
Already Albion's coast retires,  
And Calais multiplies her spires :  
At length has royal Orleans prest,  
With open arms, the well-known guest ;  
Before in sacred friendship join'd,  
And now in counsels for mankind :

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,  
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,  
They fix each haughty monarch's doom,  
And bless whole ages yet to come.  
Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree  
What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea ;  
From whom the Tuscan grape shall glow,  
And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm leagues with Thames combine  
The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine !  
Nor, Ebro, let thy single rage  
With half the warring world engage.  
Oh ! call to mind thy thousands slain,  
And Almanara's fatal plain ;  
While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,  
Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

## PROLOGUE

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, 1718.

WHAT kings henceforth shall reign, what states be  
free,  
Is fixt at length by Anna's just decree :  
Whose brows the Muse's sacred wreath shall fit  
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.

With beating hearts the rival poets wait,  
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate ;  
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,  
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.

Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown  
Is but the praise of a capricious town ;  
While, with mock-majesty, and fancy'd power,  
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.  
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,  
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart :  
In turn and simile resign his breath,  
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.  
We blush, when plays like these receive applause ;  
And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause ;  
With honest scorn our own success disdain,  
A worthless honour, and in glorious gain.

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear ;  
Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.  
To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,  
The work of poets, whom you taught to sing :  
Though crown'd with fame, they dare not think it  
Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you. [due,  
Great Cato's self, the glory of the stage,  
Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,  
Bids here he may be try'd by Roman laws ;  
To you, O fathers, he submits his cause ;  
He rests not in the people's general voice,  
Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.

Fine is the secret, delicate the art,  
To wind the passions, and command the heart ;

For fancy'd ills to force our tears to flow,  
And make the generous soul in love with woe ;  
To raise the shades of heroes to our view ;  
Rebuild fall'n empires, and old time renew.  
How hard the task ! how rare the godlike rage !  
None should presume to dictate for the stage,  
But such as boast a great extensive mind,  
Enrich'd by Nature, and by Art refin'd ;  
Who from the ancient stores their knowledge bring,  
And tasted early of the Muses' spring.  
May none pretend upon her throne to sit,  
But such as, sprung from you, are born to wit :  
Chosen by the mob, their lawless claim we slight :  
Yours is the old hereditary right.

## THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL  
PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I. TAKEN  
AT THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

....Animum pictura pascit inani  
Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.

VIRG.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the great,  
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal state!  
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!  
What steady sadness, and august despair!  
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,  
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.  
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow,  
Thus to survey God's substitute below,  
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.

When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,  
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;  
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,  
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;  
Doom'd for the faith, plebeian rage to stand,  
And fall a victim for the guilty land;

Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,  
The king, the father, and the saint to mourn.—  
How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?  
Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:  
Near thy bold work the stunn'd spectators faint,  
Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint.  
What brings to mind each various scene of woe,  
Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show,  
The horrid sentence, and accursed blow. [hand,

Where then, just Heaven, was thy unactive  
Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!  
Thy adamant shield, thy angel wings,  
And the great genii of anointed kings!  
Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard;  
And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!  
So sad, none like, can Time's old records tell,  
Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.  
All names but one too low—that one too high:  
All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.

O Power Supreme! How secret are thy ways!  
Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,  
With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,  
His balance hold, and guide his angry rod;  
New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's  
design,

And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.  
Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,  
When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,  
His now unequal dispensations clear,  
And make all wise and beautiful appear;

When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,  
And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.

Such boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,  
A pledge of Hell to dying Cromwell's heart :  
Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,  
Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb.  
While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,  
And the storm wings his spotted soul away.

A blast more bounteous ne'er did Heaven command

To scatter blessings o'er the British land.  
Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,  
And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main ;  
Not those more kind, which guide our floating  
towers,

Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours :  
That only kinder, which to Britain's shore  
Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,  
Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,  
And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.

O Clárke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign  
O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main ;  
Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,  
Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.  
This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,  
The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest ;  
To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,  
And, one destroy'd, a thousand kings defend.

## A FRAGMENT

## OF A POEM ON HUNTING.

*Dona cano divum lætas venantibus artes,  
Auspicio, Diana, tuo——*

GRATIUS.

HORSES and hounds, their care, their various race,  
The numerous beasts, that range the rural chase,  
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,  
The laws and glory of the sylvan wars,  
I first in British verse presume to raise;  
A venturous rival of the Roman praise.  
Let me, chaste queen of woods, thy aid obtain,  
Bring here thy light-foot nymphs, and sprightly  
train :

If oft, o'er lawns, thy care prevents the day  
To rouse the foe, and press the bounding prey,  
Woo thine own Phœbus in the task to join,  
And grant me genius for the bold design.  
In this soft shade, O soothe the warrior's fire,  
And fit his bow-string to the trembling lyre;  
And teach, while thus their arts and arms we sing,  
The groves to echo, and the vales to ring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thy care be first the various gifts to trace,  
 The minds and genius of the latrant race.  
 In powers distinct the different clans excel,  
 In sight, or swiftness, or sagacious smell;  
 By wiles ungenerous some surprise the prey,  
 And some by courage win the doubtful day.  
 Seest thou the gaze-hound! how with glance  
       severe

From the close herd he marks the destin'd deer!  
 How every nerve the greyhound's stretch displays,  
 The hare preventing in her airy maze;  
 The luckless prey how treacherous tumblers gain,  
 And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's mane;  
 O'er all, the bloodhound boasts superior skill,  
 To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill!  
 His fellows' vain alarms rejects with scorn,  
 True to the master's voice, and learned horn.  
 His nostrils oft, if ancient Fame sing true,  
 Trace the sly felon through the tainted dew;  
 Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd aim,  
 Nor odours lure him from the chosen game;  
 Deep mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd he  
       views,

Springs on relentless, and to death pursues.

Some hounds of manners vile, (nor less we find  
 Of fops in hounds, than in the reasoning kind,)  
 Puff'd with conceit run gladding o'er the plain,  
 And from the scent divert the wiser train;  
 For the foe's footsteps fondly snuff their own,  
 And mar the music with their senseless tone;

Start at the starting prey, or rustling wind,  
 And, hot at first, inglorious lag behind.  
 A sauntering tribe ! may such my foes disgrace !  
 Give me, ye gods, to breed the nobler race.  
 Nor grieve thou to attend, while truths unknown  
 I sing, and make Athenian arts our own.

Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame ?  
 Learn well their lineage and their ancient stem.  
 Each tribe with joy old rustic heralds trace,  
 And sing the chosen worthies of their race ;  
 How his sire's features in the son were spy'd,  
 When Die was made the vigorous Ringwood's  
       bride.

Less sure thick lips the fate of Austria doom,  
 Or eagle noses rul'd almighty Rome.

Good shape to various kinds old bards confine,  
 Some praise the Greek, and some the Roman line ;  
 And dogs to beauty make as differing claims,  
 As Albion's nymphs, and India's jetty dames.  
 Immense to name their lands, to mark their bounds,  
 And paint the thousand families of hounds :  
 First count the sands, the drops where oceans flow,  
 Or Gauls by Marlborough sent to shades below,  
 The task be mine, to teach Britannia's swains,  
 My much-lov'd country, and my native plains.

Such be the dog, I charge, thou mean'st to  
       train,  
 His back is crooked, and his belly plain,  
 Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,  
 A tapering tail, that nimbly cuts the wind ;

Truss-thigh'd, straight-ham'd, and fox-like form'd  
his paw,

Large-legg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw.  
His flat, wide nostrils snuff the savoury steam,  
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;  
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,  
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:  
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,  
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;  
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,  
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board.

The matron bitch whose womb shall best  
produce

The hopes and fortune of th' illustrious house,  
Deriv'd from noble, but from foreign seed,  
For various nature loaths incestuous breed,  
Is like the sire throughout. Nor yet displease  
Large flanks, and ribs, to give the teemer ease.

In Spring let loose thy pairs. Then all things  
prove

The stings of pleasure, and the pangs of love:  
Ethereal Jove then glads, with genial showers,  
Earth's mighty womb, and strews her lap with  
flowers.

Hence juices mount, and buds, embolden'd, try  
More kindly breezes, and a softer sky:  
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on every bough,  
In lulling strains the feather'd warblers woo.  
Fell tigers soften in th' infectious flames,  
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:

Great Love pervades the deep ; to please his mate,  
The whale, in gambols, moves his monstrous  
weight,

Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,  
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores.

All Nature smiles ; come now, nor fear, my love,  
To taste the odours of the woodbine grove,  
To pass the evening glooms in harmless play,  
And, sweetly swearing, languish life away.  
An altar, bound with recent flowers, I rear  
To thee, best season of the various year ;  
All hail ! such days in beauteous order ran,  
So swift, so sweet, when first the world began,  
In Eden's bowers, when man's great sire assign'd  
The names and natures of the brutal kind.  
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,  
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound ;  
Wondrous to tell ! but when, with luckless hand,  
Our daring mother broke the sole command,  
Then Want and Envy brought their meagre train,  
Then Wrath came down, and Death had leave to  
reign :

Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,  
And hungry churls ensnar'd the nightly prey ;  
Rude arts at first ; but witty Want refin'd  
The huntsman's wiles, and Famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod first the lion's trophies wore,  
The panther bound, and lanc'd the bristling boar ;  
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,  
And wheel the courser in his mid career :

Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant hand!  
 Let me, ye powers, an humbler wreath demand.  
 No pomps I ask, which crowns and sceptres yield,  
 Nor dangerous laurels in the dusty field;  
 Fast by the forest, and the limpid spring,  
 Give me the warfare of the woods to sing,  
 To breed my whelps, and healthful press the game,  
 A mean, inglorious, but a guiltless name.

And now thy female bears in ample womb  
 The bane of hares, and triumphs yet to come.  
 No sport, I ween, nor blast of sprightly horn,  
 Should tempt me then to hurt the whelps unborn.  
 Unlock'd, in covers let her freely run,  
 To range thy courts, and bask before the sun;  
 Near thy full table let the favourite stand,  
 Strok'd by thy son's, or blooming daughter's hand.  
 Caress, indulge, by arts the matron bride,  
 T' improve her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe.

So, if small things may be compar'd with great,  
 And Nature's works the Muses imitate,  
 So stretch'd in shades, and lull'd by murmuring  
 streams,

Great Maro's breast receiv'd the heavenly dreams.  
 Recluse, serene, the musing prophet lay,  
 Till thoughts in embryo, ripening, burst their way.  
 Hence bees in state, and foaming coursers come,  
 Heroes, and gods, and walls of lofty Rome.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

I AM, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,  
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursued,  
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest,  
 The long list of the graces his godship possest :

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays ;  
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays ;  
 I'm the god of the harp—stop my fairest—in vain ;  
 Nor the harp, nor the harper could fetch her again.

Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I  
     know,  
 God of light I'm above, and of physic below :  
 At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more  
     fast ;  
 At the fatal word physic she doubled her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then, alter thy phrase,  
 Bid her view the young bloom, and thy ravishing  
     rays,  
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy  
     charms,  
 And, my life for't, the damsel will fly to thy arms.

## THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,  
The lavish praises of the babbler, Fame :  
I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,  
And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye ;  
Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,  
And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,  
And where a judge was meant, a victim fell :  
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,  
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away ;  
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,  
And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,  
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze ;  
Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight,  
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light ;  
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,  
A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

## TO A LADY:

## WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHENIX.

LAVISH of wit, and bold, appear the lines,  
Where Claudian's genius in the Phenix shines;  
A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,  
And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:  
A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poet's art,  
Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.

Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,  
The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;  
Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,  
And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.  
O'erflowing with th' imagin'd wonder drew,  
But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.

Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom  
disclose,  
The untainted lily, and unfolding rose;  
Ease in your mien, and sweetness in your face,  
You speak a Syren, and you move a Grace;  
Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,  
While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:  
The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,  
In age shall with the charms of youth engage;  
In every change still lovely, still the same,  
A fairer Phenix in a purer flame.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHENIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

In utmost ocean lies a lovely isle,  
Where Spring still blooms, and greens for ever  
smile,

Which sees the Sun put on his first array,  
And hears his panting steeds bring on the day ;  
When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,  
And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course ;  
When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,  
And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.

In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,  
'The happy Phenix keeps his balmy seat,  
Far from the world disjoin'd ; he reigns alone,  
Alike the empire, and its king unknown.  
A godlike bird ! whose endless round of years  
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres ;  
Not us'd like vulgar birds to eat his fill,  
Or drink the crystal of the murmuring rill ;  
But fed with warmth from Titan's purer ray,  
And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey ;  
Still he renews his life in these abodes,  
Contemns the power of Fate, and mates the gods.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,  
And round his head ten thousand glories play ;  
High on his crest, a star celestial bright  
Divides the darkness with its piercing light ;  
His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,  
His azure wings the fleeting winds outfly ;  
Soft plumes of cheerful blue his limbs infold,  
Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.

Begot by none himself, begetting none,  
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son ;  
His life in fruitful death renews his date,  
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate :  
Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,  
And on the funeral pile begin to live.

For when a thousand times the summer Sun  
His bending race has on the zodiac run,  
And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,  
As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold ;  
Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,  
And bends beneath the mighty load of years.

So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,  
The shade and glory of the mountain's brow.  
When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-  
It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head, [spread.  
Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,  
And wasting age destroys the poor remains.

Then, as the silver empress of the night,  
O'erclouded, glimmers in a fainter light,  
So froz'n with age, and shut from light's supplies,  
In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,

And those fleet wings, for strength and speed re-  
nown'd,

Scarce rear th' inactive lumber from the ground.

Mysterious arts a second time create  
The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.  
Pil'd on a heap Sabæan herbs he lays,  
Parch'd by his sire the Sun's intensest rays ;  
The pile design'd to form his funeral scene  
He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,  
And bids his spicy heap at once become  
A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.

On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,  
Imploring Phœbus with persuasive cries,  
To dart upon him in collected rays,  
And new-create him in a deadly blaze.

The god beholds the suppliant from afar,  
And stops the progress of his heavenly car.  
" O thou," says he, " whom harmless fires shall  
burn,

Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,  
An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn. [doom  
Thou, on whom Heaven has fix'd th' ambiguous  
To live by ruin, and by death to bloom,  
Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,  
And with fresh beauties doubly charm the  
view."

Thus speaking, 'midst the aromatic bed  
A golden beam he tosses from his head ;  
Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,  
And straight devours the willing sacrifice,

Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,  
Sink into strength, and into life expire.

In flames the circling odours mount on high,  
Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,  
The Moon and Stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,  
And Nature startles at the doubtful sight ;  
For, whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,  
The goddess labours with a mother's throes,  
Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,  
The noblest product of the skill she claims.

Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,  
And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear ;  
In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,  
And life returning revels in his veins :  
A new-born Phenix starting from the flame,  
Obtains at once a son's, and father's name ;  
And the great change of double life displays,  
In the short moment of one transient blaze.

On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,  
And to the gods his parent urn commends,  
To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,  
The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.  
Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,  
And grace the triumph of his infant flight ;  
In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,  
Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky ;  
Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race  
Obstruct his journey through th' ethereal space ;  
The hawk and eagle useless wars forbear,  
Forego their courage, and consent to fear ;

The feather'd nations humble homage bring,  
And bless the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king.  
Less glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch  
yield,

Commanding legions to the dusty field ;  
Though sparkling jewels on his helm abound,  
And royal gold his awful head surround ;  
Though rich embroidery paint his purple vest,  
And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,  
Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,  
In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.

Fam'd for the worship of the Sun, there stands  
A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,  
Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb  
An hundred columns rear the marble dome ;  
Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,  
A grateful offering to the beamy god ;  
Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze  
The seeds and relics of himself he lays,  
Whence flaming incense makes the temple  
shine,

And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine,  
The wafted smell to far Pelusium flies,  
To cheer old Ocean, and enrich the skies,  
With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,  
And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice happy Phenix ! Heaven's peculiar care  
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir ;  
By Death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,  
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside ;

Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,  
And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.  
Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,  
And thou art fixt, while ages roll away ;  
Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,  
O'ertopp'd the mountains, and the earth o'er-  
spread ;

When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,  
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.  
When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,  
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign ;  
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,  
Baffle Destruction, and elude the Grave.

## VERSES

TO MRS. LOWTHER ON HER MARRIAGE.

FROM MENAGE.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian grove,  
Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,  
His charming nymph, his softer fair obtains,  
The bright Diana of our flowery plains ;  
He, 'midst the graceful, of superior grace,  
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.

Thy fruitful influence guardian Juno, shed,  
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed :  
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,  
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.  
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on  
those  
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes ;  
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,  
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

## TO A LADY;

## WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,  
The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,  
Strephon to fair Elisa hath convey'd,  
The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.  
O cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest  
On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,  
And there regale the smell, and charm the view,  
With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.  
Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,  
Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power :  
Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,  
And thy ripe lips outblush the opening rose :

The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,  
 Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;  
 And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath  
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.

Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,  
 How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!  
 But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,  
 The fading lustre of one hastening day.  
 This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,  
 The roses wither, and the lilies pine.

The garland's fate to thine shall be apply'd,  
 And what advance thy form, shall check thy  
 pride:

Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,  
 Let joy be now, and now a waste of love;  
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,  
 And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

### ON A LADY'S PICTURE:

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

As Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,  
 He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:  
 For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,  
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.

Now he laments a look so falsely fair,  
And almost damns, what yet resembles her ;  
Now he devours it, with his longing eyes ;  
Now sated, from the lovely phantom flies,  
Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies.  
Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,  
And his bold hands the swelling bosom press ;  
The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,  
Melts without heat, and burns in fancy'd fire.

Strange power of paint ! thou nice creator art !  
What love inspires, may life itself impart.  
Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,  
And hugg'd to life his artificial 'maid ;  
Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,  
Perhaps ev'n now th' enlivening image warms,  
Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy

ARMS :

Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,  
That she at once shall be, and cease to be a maid.

## PART OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

Cæsar, having resolved to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR ancient friends, as now they nearer drew,  
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew ;  
Brother with brother, in unnatural strife,  
And the son arm'd against the father's life :  
Curst civil war ! then conscience first was felt,  
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.  
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,  
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand ;  
To vent ten thousand struggling passions move,  
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.  
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,  
And run, with transport, to the longing foe :  
Here the long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,  
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,  
Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,  
Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.  
Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,  
And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief ;

Though yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind  
 With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.  
 Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,  
 Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in  
     vain?

Why blame ye Heaven, and charge your guilt on  
     Fate?

Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make  
     great?

Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight.

Bids he the standards move? refuse the fight.

Your generals, left by you, will love again

A son and father, when they're private men.

Kind Concord, heavenly born! whose blissful  
     reign

Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,

Whose laws the jarring elements control,

And knit each atom close from pole to pole;

Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!

This lucky hour, thy aid fair goddess bring!

This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes

Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.

No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;

They know their duty, now their friends are known.

Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be,

New crimes, by love inbanc'd, this night shall see:

Such is the will of Fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of  
     fear

The soldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare:

On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,  
And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground :  
Around the fire they talk ; one shows his scars,  
One tells what chance first led him to the wars !  
Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,  
And the mute circle listens to the tale, [hate,  
They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could  
Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on Fate ;  
Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,  
A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.

When to Petreius first the news was told,  
The jealous general thought his legions sold.  
Swift with the guards, his headstrong fury drew,  
From out his camp he drives the hostile crew ;  
Cuts claspings friends asunder with his sword,  
And stains with blood each hospitable board.

Then thus his wrath breaks out, "O ! lost to  
fame !

Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !  
Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?  
Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.  
What ! will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,  
A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?  
Shall he be sued to take you into place  
Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?  
What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious  
thought ?

And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !  
The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,  
Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;

But peace would lead to servitude and shame,  
A fair amusement, and a specious name.  
Never had man explor'd the iron ore,  
Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,  
Ne'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,  
Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;  
Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd  
Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.  
By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,  
Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;  
Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,  
And traitors only in a righteous cause ?  
Oh shame ! in vain through nations far and  
wide,

Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,  
Fall'n Pompey ! while thy legions here betray  
Thy cheap-bought life, and treat thy fame away."

He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,  
His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.

So, haply tam'd, the tiger bears his bands,  
Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands ;  
But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,  
He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar.  
He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,  
And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.

Now deeds are done, which man might charge  
aright

On stubborn Fate, or undiscerning Night,  
Had not their guilt the lawless soldiers known,  
And made the whole malignity their own.

The beds, the plenteous tables, float with gore,  
And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd  
before :

Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept ;  
Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they  
wept ;

But every blow their wavering rage assures,  
In murder hardens, and to blood inures.  
Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends  
descrie,

But sires by sons, and sons by fathers die.  
Black, monstrous rage ! each, with victorious cries,  
Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,  
Exults in guilt, that throws the only shame  
On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

## THE DEDICATION.

WHEN I first entered upon this translation, I was ambitious of dedicating it to the Earl of Halifax ; but being prevented from doing myself that honour, by the unspeakable loss which our country hath sustained in the death of that extraordinary person, I hope I shall not be blamed for presuming to make a dedication of it to his memory. The greatness of his name will justify a practice altogether uncommon, and may gain favour towards a work, which (if it had deserved his patronage) is perhaps the only one inscribed to his lordship, that will escape being rewarded by him.

I might have one advantage from such a dedication, that nothing I could say in it would be suspected of flattery. Besides that the world would take a pleasure in hearing those things said of this great man, now he is dead, which he himself would have been offended at when living. But though I am sensible, so amiable and exalted a character would be very acceptable to the public, were I able to draw it in its full extent ; I should

be censured, very deservedly, should I venture upon an undertaking, to which I am by no means equal.

His consummate knowledge in all kinds of business, his winning eloquence in public assemblies, his active zeal for the good of his country, and the share he had in conveying the supreme power to an illustrious family famous for being friends to mankind, are subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but incapable of being exhausted. The nature of the following performance more directly leads me to lament the misfortune, which hath befallen the learned world, by the death of so generous and universal a patron.

He rested not in a barren admiration of the polite arts, wherein he himself was so great a master; but was acted by that humanity they naturally inspire: which gave rise to many excellent writers, who have cast a light upon the age in which he lived, and will distinguish it to posterity. It is well known, that very few celebrated pieces have been published for several years, but what were either promoted by his encouragement, or supported by his approbation, or recompensed by his bounty. And if the succession of men, who excel in most of the refined arts, should not continue; though some may impute it to a decay of genius in our countrymen; those who are unacquainted with his lordship's character, will know more justly how to account for it.

The cause of liberty will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the Earl of Halifax was one of the patriots who were at the head of it ; and that most of those who were eminent in the several parts of polite or useful learning, were by his influence and example engaged in the same interest.

I hope, therefore, the public will excuse my ambition for thus intruding into the number of those applauded men who have paid him this kind of homage, especially since I am also prompted to it by gratitude, for the protection with which he had begun to honour me ; and do it at a time when he cannot suffer by the importunity of my acknowledgments.

## THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILIAD.

## TO THE READER.

I MUST inform the reader, that when I began this first book, I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design, by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not therefore be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's *Odysseis*, wherein I have already made some progress.

---

ACHILLES' fatal wrath, whence discord rose,  
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,  
O goddess, sing. Full many a hero's ghost  
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,  
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,  
A feast for dogs, and every bird of prey.  
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil  
His steadfast purpose, and almighty will;  
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,  
Atreides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.

What god in strife the princes did engage?  
Apollo burning with vindictive rage

Against the scornful king, whose impious pride  
 His priest dishonour'd, and his power defy'd.  
 Hence swift contagion, by the god's commands,  
 Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian  
     bands.

For, wealth immense the holy Chryses bore,  
 (His daughter's ransom) to the tented shore :  
 His sceptre stretching forth, the golden rod, -  
 Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god,  
 Of all the host, of every princely chief,  
 But first of Atreus' sons he begg'd relief :

“ Great Atreus' sons and warlike Greeks  
     attend.

So may th' immortal gods your cause befriend,  
 So may you Priam's lofty bulwarks burn,  
 And rich in gather'd spoils to Greece return,  
 As for these gifts my daughter you bestow,  
 And reverence due to great Apollo show,  
 Jove's favourite offspring, terrible in war,  
 Who sends his shafts unerring from afar.”

Throughout the host consenting murmurs rise,  
 The priest to reverence, and give back the prize,  
 When the great king, incens'd, his silence broke  
 In words reproachful, and thus sternly spoke :

“ Hence, dotard, from my sight. Nor ever more  
 Approach, I warn thee, this forbidden shore ;  
 Lest thou stretch forth, my fury to restrain,  
 The wreaths and sceptre of thy god, in vain.  
 The captive maid I never will resign,  
 Till age o'ertakes her, I have vow'd her mine.

To distant Argos shall the fair be led :  
She shall ; to ply the loom, and grace my bed.  
Begone, ere evil intercept thy way.  
Hence on thy life : nor urge me by thy stay."

He ended frowning. Speechless and dismay'd,  
The aged sire his stern command obey'd.  
Silent he pass'd, amid the deafening roar  
Of tumbling billows, on the lonely shore ;  
Far from the camp he pass'd : then suppliant  
stood ;

And thus the hoary priest invok'd his god :

" Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear.  
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.

To thee the guard of Tenedos belongs ;  
Propitious Smintheus ! O ! redress my wrongs.  
If e'er within thy fane, with wreaths adorn'd,  
The fat of bulls and well-fed goats I burn'd,  
O ! hear my prayer. Let Greece thy fury know,  
And with thy shafts avenge thy servant's woe."

Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry.

Down rush'd the vengeful warrior from the sky ;  
Across his breast the glittering bow he slung,  
And at his back the well-stor'd quiver hung :  
(His arrows rattled, as he urg'd his flight.)  
In clouds he flew, conceal'd from mortal sight ;  
Then took his stand, the well-aim'd shaft to throw :  
Fierce sprung the string, and twang'd the silver  
bow.

The dogs and mules his first keen arrow slew ;  
Amid the ranks the next more fatal flew,

A deathful dart. The funeral piles around  
For ever blaz'd on the devoted ground.

Nine days entire he vex'd th' embattled host,  
The tenth, Achilles through the winding coast  
Summon'd a council, by the queen's command  
Who wields Heaven's sceptre in her snowy hand :  
She mourn'd her favourite Greeks, who now  
enclose

The hero, swiftly speaking as he rose :

" What now, O Atreus' son, remains in view,  
But o'er the deep our wanderings to renew,  
Doom'd to destruction, while our wasted powers  
The sword and pestilence at once devours ?  
Why haste we not some prophet's skill to prove,  
Or seek by dreams ? (for dreams descend from  
Jove.)

What moves Apollo's rage let him explain,  
What vow withheld, what hecatomb unlain :  
And if the blood of lambs and goats can pay  
The price for guilt, and turn this curse away ? "

Thus he. And next the reverend Calchas  
rose,

Their guide to Ilion whom the Grecians chose ;  
The prince of augurs, whose enlighten'd eye  
Could things past, present, and to come, descry :  
Such wisdom Phœbus gave. He thus began,  
His speech addressing to the godlike man :

" Me then command'st thou, lov'd of Jove, to  
show

What moves the god that bends the dreadful bow ?

First plight thy faith thy ready help to lend,  
By words to aid me, or by arms defend.  
For I foresee his rage, whose ample sway  
The Argian powers and sceptred chiefs obey.  
The wrath of kings what subject can oppose?  
Deep in their breasts the smother'd vengeance  
glows,

Still watchful to destroy. Swear, valiant youth,  
Swear, wilt thou guard me, if I speak the truth?"

To this Achilles swift replies: "Be bold.  
Disclose what Phœbus tells thee, uncontroll'd.  
By him, who, listening to thy powerful prayer,  
Reveals the secret, I devoutly swear,  
That, while these eyes behold the light, no hand  
Shall dare to wrong thee on this crowded strand.  
Not Atreus' son: though now himself he boast  
The king of men, and sovereign of the host."

Then boldly he. "Nor does the god complain  
Of vows withheld, or hecatombs unslain.  
Chryseis to her awful sire refus'd,  
The gifts rejected, and the priest abus'd,  
Call down these judgments, and for more they  
call,

Just ready on th' exhausted camp to fall;  
Till ransom-free the damsel is bestow'd,  
And hecatombs are sent to soothe the god,  
To Chrysa sent. Perhaps Apollo's rage  
The gifts may expiate, and the priest assuage."

He spoke and sat. When, with an angry frown,  
The chief of kings upstarted from his throne.

Disdain and vengeance in his bosom rise,  
Lower in his brows, and sparkle in his eyes :  
Full at the priest their fiery orbs he bent,  
And all at once his fury found a vent.

“ Angur of ills, (for never good to me  
Did that most inauspicious voice decree)  
For ever ready to denounce my woes,  
When Greece is punish'd, I am still the cause ;  
And now when Phœbus spreads his plagues abroad,  
And wastes our camp, 'tis I provoke the god,  
Because my blooming captive I detain,  
And the large ransom is produc'd in vain.  
Fond of the maid, my queen in beauty's pride,  
Ne'er charm'd me more, a virgin and a bride ;  
Not Clytæmnestra boasts a nobler race,  
A sweeter temper, or a lovelier face,  
In works of female skill hath more command,  
Or guides the needle with a nicer hand.  
Yet she shall go. The fair our peace shall buy :  
Better I suffer, than my people die.  
But mark me well. See instantly prepar'd  
A full equivalent, a new reward.  
Nor is it meet, while each enjoys his share,  
Your chief should lose his portion of the war :  
In vain your chief ; whilst the dear prize, I boast,  
Is wrested from me, and for ever lost.”

To whom the swift pursuer quick reply'd :  
“ Oh sunk in avarice, and swoln with pride !  
How shall the Greeks, though large of soul they be,  
Collect their sever'd spoils, a heap for thee

To search anew, and cull the choicest share  
 Amid the mighty harvest of the war?  
 Then yield thy captive to the god resign'd,  
 Assur'd a tenfold recompense to find,  
 When Jove's decree shall throw proud Ilium down,  
 And give to plunder the devoted town."

"Think not," Atrides answer'd, "though thou  
 shine,

Graceful in beauty, like the powers divine,  
 Think not, thy wiles, in specious words convey'd,  
 From its firm purpose shall my soul dissuade.  
 Must I alone bereft sit down with shame,  
 And thou insulting keep thy captive dame?  
 If, as I ask, the large-soul'd Greeks consent  
 Full recompense to give, I stand content.  
 If not, a prize I shall myself decree,  
 From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.  
 While the proud prince, despoil'd, shall rage in  
 vain.

But break we here. The rest let time explain.  
 Launch now a well-trimm'd galley from the shore,  
 With hands experienc'd at the bending oar:  
 Enclose the hecatomb; and then with care  
 To the high deck convey the captive fair.  
 The sacred bark let sage Ulysses guide,  
 Or Ajax, or Idomeneus, preside:  
 Or thou, O mighty man, the chief shalt be.  
 And who more fit to soothe the god than thee?"

"Shameless, and poor of soul," the prince replies,  
 And on the monarch casts his scornful eyes,

“ What Greek henceforth will march at thy command

In search of danger on the doubtful strand?  
Who in the face of day provoke the fight,  
Or tempt the secret ambush of the night?  
Not I, be sure. Henceforward I am free.  
For ne'er was Priam's house a foe to me.  
Far from their inroads, in my pastures feed  
The lowing heifer, and the pumper'd steed,  
On Phthia's hills our fruits securely grow,  
And ripen careless of the distant foe,  
Between whose realms and our Thessalian shore  
Unnumber'd mountains rise, and billows roar.  
For thine, and for thy baffled brother's fame,  
Across those seas, disdainful man, I came;  
Yet insolent! by arbitrary sway  
Thou talk'st of seizing on my rightful prey,  
The prize whose purchase toils and dangers cost,  
And given by suffrage of the Grecian host.  
What town, when sack'd by our victorious bands,  
But still brought wealth to those rapacious hands?  
To me, thus scorn'd, contented dost thou yield  
My share of blood in the tumultuous field;  
But still the flower of all the spoil is thine;  
There claim'st thou most. Nor e'er did I  
repine.

Whate'er was giv'n I took, and thought it best,  
With slaughter tir'd, and panting after rest.  
To Phthia now, for I shall fight no more,  
My ships their crooked prows shall turn from shore.

When I am scorn'd, I think I well foresee  
What spoils and pillage will be won by thee."

"Hence!" cry'd the monarch, "hence! without  
delay."

Think not, vain man! my voice shall urge thy  
stay,

Others thou leav'st, to the great cause inclin'd,  
A league of kings thou leav'st, and Jove behind.

Of all the chiefs dost thou oppose me most:

Outrage and uproar are thy only boast.

Discord and jars thy joy. But learn to know,

If thou art strong, 'tis Jove hath made thee so.

Go, at thy pleasure. None will stop thy way.

Go, bid thy base-born Myrmidons obey.

Thou, nor thy rage, shall my resolves subdue;

I fix my purpose, and my threats renew.

Since 'tis decreed I must the maid restore,

A ship shall waft her to th' offended power;

But fair Briseis, thy allotted prize,

Myself will seize, and seize before thy eyes:

That thou and each audacious man may see,

How vain the rash attempt to cope with me."

Stung to the soul, tumultuous thoughts began

This way and that to rend the godlike man.

To force a passage with his falchion drawn,

And hurl th' imperial boaster from his throne,

He now resolves: and now resolves again

To quell his fury, and his arm restrain.

While thus by turns his rage and reason sway'd,

And half unsheath'd he held the glittering blade;

That moment, Juno, whose impartial eye  
 Watch'd o'er them both, sent Pallas from the sky :  
 She flew, and caught his yellow hair behind,  
 (To him alone the radiant goddess shin'd.)  
 Sudden he turn'd, and started with surprise ;  
 Rage and revenge flash'd dreadful in his eyes.

Then thus with hasty words : " O ! heavenly-  
 born,

Com'st thou to see proud Agamemnon's scorn ?  
 But thou shalt see (my sword shall make it good)  
 This glutted sand smoke with the tyrant's blood."

" To soothe thy soul," the blue-ey'd maid replies,  
 " (If thou obey my voice) I left the skies.  
 Heaven's queen, who favours both, gave this com-  
 mand !

Suppress thy wrath, and stay thy vengeful hand.  
 Be all thy rage in tauntful words exprest ;  
 But guiltless let the thirsty falchion rest,  
 Mark what I speak. An hour is on its way,  
 When gifts tenfold for this affront shall pay.  
 Suppress thy wrath ; and Heaven and me obey."

Then he : " I yield ; though with reluctant mind.  
 Who yields to Heaven shall Heaven propitious  
 find."

The silver hilt close-grasping, at the word,  
 Deep in the sheath he plung'd his mighty sword.  
 The goddess, turning, darted from his sight,  
 And reach'd Olympus in a moment's flight.

But fierce Achilles, in a thundering tone,  
 Throws out his wrath, and goes impetuous on :

“ Valiant with wine, and furious from the  
bowl!

Thou fierce-look'd talker with a coward soul !  
War's glorious peril ever slow to share :  
Aloof thou view'st the field ; for Death is there,  
'Tis greater far this peaceful camp to sway,  
And peel the Greeks, at will, who disobey :  
A tyrant lord o'er slaves to earth debas'd ;  
For, had they souls, this outrage were thy last.  
But, thou, my fix'd, my final purpose hear.  
By this dread sceptre solemnly I swear :  
By this (which, once from out the forest torn,  
Nor leaf nor shade shall ever more adorn ;  
Which never more its verdure must renew,  
Lopp'd from the vital stem, whence first it grew !  
But given by Jove the sons of men to awe,  
Now sways the nations, and confirms the law)  
A day shall come, when for this hour's disdain  
The Greeks shall wish for me, and wish in  
vain ;  
Nor thou, though griev'd, the wanted aid afford,  
When heaps on heaps shall fall by Hector's  
sword :  
Too late with anguish shall thy heart be torn,  
That the first Greek was made the public  
scorn.”

He said. And, mounting with a furious bound,  
He dash'd his studded sceptre on the ground ;  
Then sat. Atrides, eager to reply,  
On the fierce champion glanc'd a vengeful eye.

'Twas then, the madding monarchs to compose,  
The Pylian prince, the smooth-speech'd Nestor  
rose.

His tongue dropp'd honey. Full of days was he ;  
Two ages past, he liv'd the third to see :  
And his first race of subjects long decay'd,  
O'er their sons' sons a peaceful sceptre sway'd.

"Alas for Greece !" he cries, " and with what joy  
Shall Priam hear, and every son of Troy !  
That you, the first in wisdom as in wars,  
Waste your great souls in poor ignoble jars !  
Go to ! you both are young. Yet oft rever'd  
Greater than you have the wise Nestor heard.

Their equals never shall these eyes behold :

Cæneus the just, Pirithous the bold,  
Exadius, Dryas, born to high command,  
Shepherds of men, and rulers of the land,  
Theseus unrivall'd in his sire's abodes,  
And mighty Polypheme, a match for gods.

They, greatest names that ancient story knows,  
In mortal conflict met as dreadful foes :

Fearless thro' rocks and wilds their prey pursued,  
And the huge double Centaur race subdued.

With them my early youth was pleas'd to roam  
Through regions, far from my sweet native home ;  
They call'd me to the wars. No living hand  
Could match their valour, or their strength with-  
stand ;

Yet wont they oft my sage advice to hear.  
Then listen both, with an attentive ear.

Seize not thou, king of men, the beauteous slave,  
Th' allotted prize the Grecian voices gave.  
Nor thou, Pelides, in a threatening tone  
Urge him to wrath, who fills that sacred throne,  
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more  
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before.  
Brave though thou art, and of a race divine,  
Thou must obey a power more great than thine.  
And thou, O king, forbear. Myself will sue  
Great Thetis' son his vengeance to subdue:  
Great Thetis' valiant son, our country's boast,  
The shield and bulwark of the Grecian host."

"Wise are thy words, O sire," the king began,  
"But what can satiate this aspiring man?  
Unbounded power he claims o'er human-kind,  
And hopes for slaves, I trust he ne'er shall find.  
Shall we, because the gods have form'd him strong,  
Bear the lewd language of his lawless tongue!"

"If aw'd by thee, the Greeks might well despise  
My name," the prince, precipitate, replies,  
"In vain thou nodd'st from thy imperial throne.  
Thy vassals seek elsewhere; for I am none.  
But break we here. The fair, though justly mine,  
With sword undrawn I purpose to resign.  
On aught beside, I once for all command,  
Lay not, I charge thee, thy presumptuous hand.  
Come not within my reach, nor dare advance,  
Or thy heart's blood shall reek upon my lance."

Thus both in foul debate prolong'd the day.  
The council broke, each takes his separate way.

Achilles seeks his tent with restless mind ;  
Patroclus and his train move slow behind.

Meantime, a bark was haul'd along the sand,  
Twice ten selected Greeks, a brawny band,  
Tug the tough oars, at the great king's command.  
The gifts, the hecatomb, the captive fair,  
Are all intrusted to Ulysses' care. [flight,  
They mount the deck. The vessel takes its  
Bounds o'er the surge, and lessens to the sight.

Next he ordains along the winding coast  
By hallow'd rites to purify the host.  
A herd of chosen victims they provide,  
And cast their offals on the briny tide.  
Fat bulls and goats to great Apollo die.  
In clouds the savory steam ascends the sky.

The Greeks to Heaven their solemn vows ad-  
drest ;

But dire revenge roll'd in the monarch's breast.  
Obsequious at his call two heralds stand :  
To them in frowns he gives this harsh command.  
"Ye heralds, to Achilles' tent repair ;  
Then swift the female slave Briseis bear.  
With arms, if disobey'd, myself will come.  
Bid him resign her, or he tempts his doom."

The heralds, though unwillingly, obey.  
Along the sea-beat shore they speed their way :  
And, now the Myrmidonian quarter past,  
At his tent-door they find the hero plac'd.  
Disturb'd the solemn messengers he saw ;  
They too stood silent, with respectful awe,

Before the royal youth, they neither spoke.  
He guess'd their message, and the silence broke :

“ Ye ministers of gods and men, draw near,  
Not you, but him whose heralds ye appear,  
Robb'd of my right I blame. Patroclus, bring  
The damsel forth for this disdainful king.  
But ye, my wrongs, O heralds, bear in mind,  
And clear me to the gods and all mankind,  
Ev'n to your thoughtless king ; if ever more  
My aid be wanted on the hostile shore.  
Thoughtless he is, nor knows his certain doom,  
Blind to the past, nor sees the woes to come,  
His best defence thus rashly to forego,  
And leave a naked army to the foe.”

He ceas'd. Patroclus his dear friend obey'd,  
And usher'd in the lovely weeping maid.  
Sore sigh'd she, as the heralds took her hand,  
And oft look'd back, slow-moving o'er the strand.

The widow'd hero, when the fair was gone,  
Far from his friends sat bath'd in tears alone.  
On the cold beach he sat, and fix'd his eyes  
Where black with storms the curling billows rise,  
And as the sea wide-rolling he survey'd,  
With outstretch'd arms to his fond mother pray'd :

“ Since to short life thy hapless son was born,  
Great Jove stands bound by promise to adorn  
His stinted course with an immortal name.  
Is this the great amends ? the promis'd fame ?  
The son of Atreus, proud of lawless sway,  
Demands, possesses, and enjoys my prey.”

Near her old sire entron'd, she heard him weep  
From the low silent caverns of the deep :  
Then in a morning mist her head she rears,  
Sits by her son, and mingles tears with tears ;  
Close grasps her darling's hand. " My son," she  
cries,

" Why heaves thy heart? and why o'erflow thy  
eyes ?

O tell me, tell thy mother all thy care,  
That both may know it, and that both may share."

" Oh ! goddess !" cry'd he, with an inward  
groan,

" Thou know'st it all : to thee are all things  
known.

Eëtian Thebes we sack'd, their ransack'd towers,  
The plunder of a people, all was ours.

We stood agreed the booty to divide.

Chryseis, rosy-cheek'd and glossy-ey'd,

Fell to the king ; but holy Chryses bore

Vast gifts of ransom, to the tented shore :

His sceptre stretching forth (the golden rod

Hung round with hallow'd garlands of his god)

Of all the host, of every princely chief,

But first of Atreus' sons, he begg'd relief.

Throughout the host consenting murmurs ran,

To yield her to the venerable man ;

But the harsh king deny'd to do him right,

And drove the trembling prophet from his sight.

Apollo heard his injur'd suppliant's cry,

And dealt his arrows through th' infected sky ;

The swift contagion, sent by his commands,  
Swept thro' the camp, and thinn'd the Grecian  
bands.

The guilty cause a sacred augur show'd,  
And I first mov'd to mitigate the god.  
At this the tyrant storm'd, and vengeance vow'd;  
And now too soon hath made his threatnings good.  
Chryseis first with gifts to Chrysa sent,  
His heralds came this moment to my tent,  
And bore Briseis thence, my beauteous slave,  
Th' allotted prize, which the leagu'd Grecians gave.  
Thou goddess, then, and thou, I know, hast power,  
For thine own son the might of Jove implore.  
Oft in my father's house I've heard thee tell,  
When sudden fears on Heaven's great monarch  
fell,

Thy aid the rebel deities o'ercame,  
And sav'd the mighty Thunderer from shame.  
Pallas, and Neptune, and great Juno, bound  
The sire in chains, and hemm'd their sovereign  
round.

Thy voice, O goddess, broke their idle bands,  
And call'd the giant of the hundred hands,  
The prodigy, whom Heaven and Earth revere,  
Briareus nam'd above, Ægeon here.  
His father Neptune he in strength surpass'd;  
At Jove's right hand his hideous form he plac'd,  
Proud of his might. The gods with secret  
dread,  
Beheld the huge enormous shape and fled.

Remind him then : for well thou know'st the art :  
Go, clasp his knees, and melt his mighty heart.  
Let the driven Argians, hunted o'er the plain,  
Seek the last verge of this tempestuous main :  
There let them perish, void of all relief,  
My wrongs remember, and enjoy their chief.  
Too late with anguish shall his heart be torn,  
That the first Greek was made the public scorn."

Then she (with tears her azure eyes ran o'er :)  
" Why bore I thee ! or nourish'd, when I bore !  
Blest, if within thy tent, and free from strife,  
Thou might'st possess thy poor remains of life.  
Thy death approaching now the Fates foreshow ;  
Short is thy destin'd term, and full of woe.  
Ill-fated thou ! and oh unhappy I !  
But hence to the celestial courts I fly,  
Where, hid in snow, to Heaven Olympus swells,  
And Jove, rejoicing in his thunder, dwells.  
Meantime, my son, indulge thy just disdain :  
Vent all thy rage, and shun the hostile plain,  
Till Jove returns. Last night my waves he  
cross'd,

And sought the distant Ethiopian coast :  
Along the skies his radiant course he steer'd,  
Behind him all the train of gods appear'd,  
A bright procession. To the holy feast  
Of blameless men he goes a grateful guest.  
To heaven he comes, when twice six days are  
o'er !

Then shall his voice the sire of gods implore,

Then to my lofty mansion will I pass,  
Founded on rocks of ever-during brass :  
There will I clasp his knees with wonted art,  
Nor doubt, my son, but I shall melt his heart."

She ceas'd : and left him lost in doubtful care,  
And bent on vengeance for the ravish'd fair.

But, safe arriv'd near Chrysa's sacred strand,  
The sage Ulysses now advanc'd to land.  
Along the coast he shoots with swelling gales,  
Then lowers the lofty mast, and furls the sails ;  
Next plies to port with many a well-tim'd oar,  
And drops his anchors near the faithful shore.  
The bark now fix'd amidst the rolling tide,  
Chryseis follows her experienc'd guide :  
The gifts to Phœbus from the Grecian host,  
A herd of bulls went bellowing o'er the coast.  
To the god's fane, high looking o'er the land,  
He led, and near the altar took his stand,  
Then gave her to the joyful father's hand.  
" All hail ! Atrides sets thy daughter free,  
Sends offerings to thy god, and gifts to thee.  
But thou entreat the power, whose dreadful sway  
Afflicts his camp, and sweeps his host away."

He said, and gave her. The fond father  
smil'd

With secret rapture, and embrac'd his child.

The victims now they range in chosen bands,  
And offer gifts with unpolluted hands :  
When with loud voice, and arms uprear'd in air,  
The hoary priest preferr'd this powerful prayer :

“ Dread warrior with the silver bow, give ear,  
Patron of Chrysa and of Cilla, hear.  
About this dome thou walk’st thy constant round  
Still have my vows thy power propitious found.  
Rous’d by my prayers ev’n now thy vengeance  
burns,

And smit by thee, the Grecian army mourns.  
Hear me once more ; and let the suppliant foe  
Avert thy wrath, and slack thy dreadful bow."

He pray'd ; and great Apollo heard his prayer.  
The suppliants now their votive rites prepare :  
Amidst the flames they cast the hallow'd bread,  
And heavenward turn each victim's destin'd head :  
Next slay the fatted bulls, their skins divide,  
And from each carcass rend the smoking hide ;  
On every limb large rolls of fat bestow,  
And chosen morsels round the offerings strow :  
Mysterious rites. Then on the fire divine  
The great high priest pours forth the ruddy wine ;  
Himself the offering burns. On either hand  
A troop of youths, in decent order, stand.  
On sharpen'd forks, obedient to the sire,  
They turn the tasteful fragments in the fire,  
Adorn the feast, see every dish well-stor'd,  
And serve the plenteous messes to the board.

When now the various feasts had cheer'd their  
souls, [bowls,  
With sparkling wines they crown the generous  
The first libations to Apollo pay,  
And solemnize with sacred hymns the day:

His praise in Iö Pæans loud they sing,  
And soothe the rage of the far-shooting king.  
At evening, through the shore dispers'd, they  
    sleep,  
Hush'd by the distant roarings of the deep.

When now, ascending from the shades of night,  
Aurora glow'd in all her rosy light,  
The daughter of the dawn : th' awaken'd crew  
Back to the Greeks encamp'd their course renew,  
The breezes freshen : for with friendly gales  
Apollo swell'd their wide, distended, sails :  
Cleft by the rapid prow, the waves divide,  
And in hoarse murmurs break on either side,  
In safety to the destined port they pass'd,  
And fix their bark with grappling haulsers fast ;  
Then dragg'd her farther, on the dry-land coast,  
Regain'd their tents, and mingled in the host.  
But fierce Achilles, still on vengeance bent,  
Cherish'd his wrath, and madden'd in his tent.  
Th' assembled chiefs he shunn'd with high disdain,  
A band of kings : nor sought the hostile plain ;  
But long'd to hear the distant troops engage,  
The strife grow doubtful, and the battle rage.

Twelve days were past ; and now th' ethereal  
    train,  
Jove at their head, to Heaven return'd again :  
When Thetis, from the deep prepar'd to rise, [skies.  
Shot through a big-swoln wave, and pierc'd the  
At early morn she reach'd the realms above,  
The court of gods, the residence of Jove.

On the top-point of high Olympus, crown'd  
With hills on hills, him far apart she found,  
Above the rest. The Earth beneath display'd  
(A boundless prospect) his broad eye survey'd.  
Her left hand grasp'd his knees, her right she  
rear'd,

And touch'd with blandishment his awful beard ;  
Then, suppliant, with submissive voice implor'd  
Old Saturn's son, the god by gods ador'd :

" If e'er, by rebel deities oppress,  
My aid reliev'd thee, grant this one request.  
Since to short life my hapless son was born,  
Do thou with fame the scanty space adorn.  
Punish the king of men, whose lawless sway  
Hath sham'd the youth, and seiz'd his destin'd prey.  
Awhile let Troy prevail, that Greece may grieve,  
And doubled honours to my offspring give."

She said. The god vouchsaf'd not to reply  
(A deep suspense sat in his thoughtful eye) :  
Once more around his knees the goddess clung,  
And to soft accents form'd her artful tongue :

" Oh speak. O grant me, or deny my prayer.  
Fear not to speak, what I am doom'd to bear ;  
That I may know, if thou my prayer deny,  
The most despis'd of all the gods am I."

With a deep sigh the Thundering Power  
replies :

" To what a height will Juno's anger rise !  
Still doth her voice before the gods upbraid  
My partial hand, that gives the Trojans aid.

I grant thy suit. But, hence ! depart unseen,  
 And shun the sight of Heaven's suspicious queen.  
 Believe my nod, the great, the certain sign,  
 When Jove propitious hears the powers divine ;  
 The sign that ratifies my high command,  
 That thus I will : and what I will shall stand."

This said, his kingly brow the sire inclin'd ;  
 The large black curls fell awful from behind,  
 Thick shadowing the stern forehead of the god :  
 Olympus trembled at th' almighty nod.

The goddess smil'd : and, with a sudden leap,  
 From the mountain plung'd into the deep.  
 But Jove repair'd to his celestial towers :  
 And, as he rose, uprose the immortal powers.  
 In ranks, on either side, th' assembly cast,  
 Bow'd down, and did obeisance as he pass'd.  
 To him enthron'd (for whispering she had seen  
 Close at his knees the silver-footed queen,  
 Daughter of him, who, low beneath the tides,  
 Aged and hoary in the deep resides)  
 Big with invectives, Juno silence broke,  
 And thus opprobrious her resentments spoke :

" False Jove ! what goddess whispering did I see ?  
 O fond of counsels, still conceal'd from me !  
 To me neglected, thou wilt ne'er impart  
 One single thought of thy close-cover'd heart."

To whom the sire of gods and men reply'd ;  
 " Strive not to find, what I decree to hide.  
 Laborious were the search, and vain the strife,  
 Vain ev'n for thee, my sister and my wife.

The thoughts and counsels proper to declare,  
Nor god nor mortal shall before thee share :  
But, what my secret wisdom shall ordain,  
Think not to reach, for know the thought were  
vain."

"Dread Saturn's son, why so severe?" replies  
The goddess of the large majestic eyes.

"Thy own dark thoughts at pleasure hide, or  
show;

Ne'er have I ask'd, nor now aspire to know.  
Nor yet my fears are vain, nor came unseen  
To thy high throne, the silver-footed queen,  
Daughter of him, who low beneath the tides  
Aged and hoary in the deep resides.

Thy nod assures me she was not deny'd :  
And Greece must perish for a madman's pride."

To whom the god, whose hand the tempest  
forms,  
Drives clouds on clouds, and blackens Heaven  
with storms,

Thus wrathful answer'd: "Dost thou still complain?  
Perplex'd for ever, and perplex'd in vain!  
Should'st thou disclose the dark event to come!  
How wilt thou stop the irrevocable doom!  
This serves the more to sharpen my disdain;  
And woes foreseen but lengthen out thy pain.  
Be silent then. Dispute not my command;  
Nor tempt the force of this superior hand:  
Lest all the gods, around thee leagu'd, engage  
In vain to shield thee from my kindled rage."

Mute and abash'd she sat without reply,  
And downward turn'd her large majestic eye,  
Nor further durst the offended sire provoke :  
The gods around him trembled, as he spoke.  
When Vulcan, for his mother sore distress'd,  
Turn'd orator, and thus his speech address ;

“ Hard is our fate, if men of mortal line  
Stir up debate among the powers divine,  
If things on Earth disturb the blest abodes,  
And mar th' ambrosial banquet of the gods !  
Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,  
Though much more wise than I pretend to be :  
Let me advise her silent to obey,  
And due submission to our father pay.  
Nor force again his gloomy rage to rise,  
Ill-tim'd, and damp the revels of the skies.  
For should he toss her from th' Olympian hill,  
Who could resist the mighty monarch's will ?  
Then thou to love the Thunderer reconcile,  
And tempt him kindly on us all to smile,”

He said : and in his tottering hands upbore  
A double goblet, fill'd, and foaming o'er.

“ Sit down, dear mother, with a heart content,  
Nor urge a more disgraceful punishment,  
Which if great Jove inflict, poor I, dismay'd,  
Must stand aloof, nor dare to give thee aid.  
Great Jove shall reign for ever, uncontroll'd :  
Remember, when I took thy part of old,  
Caught by the heel he swung me round on high,  
And headlong hurl'd me from th' ethereal sky :

From morn to noon I fell, from noon to night ;  
Till pitch'd on Lemnos, a most piteous sight,  
The Sintians hardly could my breath recall,  
Giddy and gasping with the dreadful fall."

She smil'd: and, smiling, her white arm display'd

To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd.  
From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,  
And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.  
The gods laugh'd out, unweary'd, as they spy'd  
The busy skinker hop from side to side.

Thus, feasting to the full, they pass'd away,  
In blissful banquets, all the livelong day.  
Nor wanted melody. With heavenly art  
The Muses sung ; each Muse perform'd her part,  
Alternate warbling ; while the golden lyre,  
Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.  
The Sun at length declin'd, when every guest  
Sought his bright palace, and withdrew to rest ;  
Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,  
A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill.  
Ev'n he, the god, who Heaven's great sceptre sways,  
And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,  
His bed of state ascending, lay compos'd ;  
His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber clos'd ;  
And at his side, all glorious to behold,  
Was Juno lodg'd in her alcove of gold.

TO

THE EARL OF WARWICK,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,  
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,  
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,  
And judge, Oh judge, my bosom by your own.  
What mourner ever felt poetic fires !  
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :  
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,  
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave  
My soul's best part for ever to the grave !  
How silent did his old companions tread,  
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,  
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,  
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of  
kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;  
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;  
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;  
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd !  
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,  
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.

Oh, gone for ever ; take this long adieu ;  
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.  
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,  
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine ;  
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,  
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.  
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,  
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;  
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,  
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,  
My grief be doubled from thy image free,  
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,  
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,  
Along the walls where speaking marbles show  
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;  
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;  
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;  
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;  
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;  
And saints who taught, and led the way to Heaven ;  
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,  
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest ;  
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd  
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,  
What new employments please th' unbody'd  
A winged *Virtue*, through th' ethereal sky, [mind ?  
From world to world unweary'd does he fly ?

Or curious trace the long laborious maze  
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels  
gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell  
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;  
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow  
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?  
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,  
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?  
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend:  
To me, thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!  
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,  
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,  
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,  
And turn from ill, a frail and feeble heart;  
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,  
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the Heavens decree,  
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me;  
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,  
Or, rous'd by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.  
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,  
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my  
sight;

If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,  
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;  
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,  
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;  
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,  
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:

There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,  
 A candid censor, and a friend severe ;  
 There taught us how to live ; and (oh ! too high  
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures  
 grace,

Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,  
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,  
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears !  
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,  
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air !  
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,  
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze !  
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore ;  
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more ;  
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,  
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

From other hills, however Fortune frown'd ;  
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found ;  
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,  
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing ;  
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,  
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.  
 O ! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,  
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)  
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,  
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song !

These works divine, which, on his death-bed  
 laid  
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring sage convey'd,

Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,  
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.  
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,  
And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies.  
Blest pair ! whose union future bards shall tell  
In future tongues : each other's boast ! farewell,  
Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,  
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

## COLIN AND LUCY.

## A BALLAD.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,  
Bright Lucy was the grace ;  
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream  
Reflect so sweet a face :  
Till luckless love, and pining care,  
Impair'd her rosy hue,  
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,  
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,  
When beating rains descend ?  
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,  
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains  
Take heed, ye easy fair :  
Of vengeance due to broken vows,  
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,  
A bell was heard to ring ;  
And shrieking at her window thrice,  
The raven flapp'd his wing.  
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew  
The solemn boding sound :  
And thus, in dying words, bespoke  
The virgins weeping round :

"I hear a voice, you cannot hear,  
Which says, I must not stay ;  
I see a hand, you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.  
By a false heart, and broken vows,  
In early youth I die :  
Was I to blame, because his bride  
Was thrice as rich as I ?

"Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,  
Vows due to me alone :  
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,  
Nor think him all thy own.  
To-morrow, in the church to wed,  
Impatient, both prepare !  
But know, fond maid ; and know, false man,  
That Lucy will be there !

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,  
This bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding-trim so gay,  
I in my winding-sheet.”  
She spoke, she dy’d, her corse was borne,  
The bridegroom blithe to meet,  
He in his wedding trim so gay,  
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjurd Colin’s thoughts ?  
How were these nuptials kept ?  
The bridesmen flock’d round Lucy dead,  
And all the village wept.  
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,  
At once his bosom swell :  
The damps of death bedew’d his brow,  
He shook, he groan’d, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah, bride no more !  
The varying crimson fled,  
When, stretch’d before her rival’s corse,  
She saw her husband dead.  
Then to his Lucy’s new-made grave,  
Convey’d by trembling swains,  
One mould with her, beneath one sod,  
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave, the constant hind  
And plighted maid are seen ;  
With garlands gay, and true-love knots.  
They deck the sacred green ;

But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,  
This hallow'd spot forbear ;  
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,  
And fear to meet him there.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT.

To Whitton's shades, and Hounslow's airy plain,  
Thou, Kneller, tak'st thy summer flights in vain,  
In vain thy wish gives all thy rural hours  
To the fair villa, and well-order'd bowers ;  
To court thy pencil early at thy gates,  
Ambition knocks, and fleeting Beauty waits ;  
The boastful Muse, of others' fame so sure,  
Implores thy aid to make her own secure ;  
The great, the fair, and, if aught nobler be,  
Aught more belov'd, the Arts solicit thee.

How canst thou hope to fly the world, in vain  
From Europe sever'd by the circling main ;  
Sought by the kings of every distant land,  
And every hero worthy of thy hand ?  
Hast thou forgot that mighty Bourbon fear'd  
He still was mortal, till thy draught appear'd ?

That Cosmo chose thy glowing form to place,  
Amidst her masters of the Lombard race ?  
See, on her Titian's and her Guido's urns,  
Her falling arts forlorn Hesperia mourns ;  
While Britain wins each garland from her brow,  
Her wit and freedom first, her painting now.

Let the faint copier, on old Tiber's shore,  
Nor mean the task, each breathing bust explore,  
Line after line, with painful patience trace,  
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace :  
Vain care of parts ; if, impotent of soul,  
Th' industrious workman fails to warm the whole,  
Each theft betrays the marble whence it came,  
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.  
Thee Nature taught, nor Art her aid deny'd,  
The kindest mistress, and the surest guide,  
To catch a likeness at one piercing sight,  
And place the fairest in the fairest light ;  
Ere yet thy pencil tries her nicer toils  
Or on thy palette lie the blended oils,  
Thy careless chalk has half achiev'd thy art,  
And her just image makes Cleora start.

A mind that grasps the whole is rarely found,  
Half learn'd, half painters, and half wits abound ;  
Few, like thy genius, at proportion aim,  
All great, all graceful, and throughout the same.

Such be thy life, O since the glorious rage  
That fir'd thy youth, flames unsubdued by age !  
Though wealth, nor fame, now touch thy sated mind,  
Still tinge the canvas, bounteous to mankind ;

Since after thee may rise an impious line,  
Coarse manglers of the human face divine,  
Paint on, till Fate dissolve thy mortal part,  
And live and die the monarch of thy art.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF  
CADOGAN.

Of Marlborough's captains, and Eugenio's friends,  
The last, Cadogan, to the grave descends :  
Low lies each hand, whence Blenheim's glory  
    sprung,  
The chiefs who conquer'd, and the bards who sung,  
From his cold corse though every friend be fled,  
Lo ! Envy waits, that lover of the dead :  
Thus did she feign o'er Nassau's hearse to mourn ;  
Thus wept insidious, Churchill, o'er thy urn ;  
To blast the living, gave the dead their due,  
And wreaths, herself had tainted, trimm'd anew,  
Thou, yet unnam'd to fill his empty place,  
And lead to war thy country's growing race,  
Take every wish a British heart can frame,  
Add palm to palm, and rise from fame to fame.  
    An hour must come, when thou shalt hear with  
    rage  
Thyself traduc'd, and curse a thankless age :

Nor yet for this decline the generous strife,  
 These ills, brave man, shall quit thee with thy life,  
 Alive though stain'd by every abject slave,  
 Secure of fame and justice in the grave.

Ah! no——when once the mortal yields to Fate,  
 The blast of Fame's sweet trumpet sounds too late,  
 Too late to stay the spirit on its flight,  
 Or soothe the new inhabitant of light;  
 Who hears regardless, while fond man, distress'd,  
 Hangs on the absent, and laments the blest.

Farewell then Fame, ill sought thro' fields and  
 blood,

Farewell unfaithful promiser of good :  
 Thou music, warbling to the deafen'd ear !  
 Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier !  
 Through life pursued in vain, by death obtain'd,  
 When ask'd deny'd us, and when given disdain'd.

## AN ODE

INSCRIBED TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND  
 AT WINDSOR.

THOU Dome, where Edward first enroll'd  
 His red-cross knights and barons bold,  
 Whose vacant seats, by Virtue bought,  
 Ambitious emperors have sought :

Where Britain's foremost names are found,  
In peace belov'd, in war renown'd,  
Who made the hostile nations moan,  
Or brought a blessing on their own :

Once more a son of Spencer waits,  
A name familiar to thy gates ;  
Sprung from the chief whose prowess gain'd  
The Garter while thy founder reign'd,  
He offer'd here his dinted shield,  
The dread of Gauls in Cressi's field,  
Which, in thy high-arch'd temple rais'd,  
For four long centuries hath blaz'd.

These seats our sires, a hardy kind,  
To the fierce sons of war confin'd,  
The flower of chivalry, who drew  
With sinew'd arm the stubborn yew :  
Or with heav'd pole-axe clear'd the field ;  
Or who, in justs and tourneys skill'd,  
Before their ladies' eyes renown'd,  
Threw horse and horseman to the ground.

In after-times, as courts refin'd,  
Our patriots in the list were join'd.  
Not only Warwick stain'd with blood,  
Or Marlborough near the Danube's flood,  
Have in their crimson crosses glow'd ;  
But, on just lawgivers bestow'd,

These emblems Cecil did invest,  
And gleam'd on wise Godolphin's breast.

So Greece, ere arts began to rise,  
Fix'd huge Orion in the skies,  
And stern Alcides, fam'd in wars,  
Bespangled with a thousand stars ;  
Till letter'd Athens round the pole  
Made gentler constellations roll ;  
In the blue heavens the lyre she strung,  
And near the Maid the Balance <sup>1</sup> hung.

Then, Spencer, mount amid the band,  
Where knights and kings promiscuous  
stand.

What though the hero's flame repress'd  
Burns calmly in thy generous breast !  
Yet who more dauntless to oppose  
In doubtful days our home-bred foes !  
Who rais'd his country's wealth so high,  
Or view'd with less desiring eye !

The sage, who, large of soul, surveys  
The globe, and all its empires weighs,  
Watchful the various climes to guide,  
Which seas, and tongues, and faiths, divide,  
A nobler name in Windsor's shrine  
Shall leave, if right the Muse divine,

<sup>1</sup> Names of constellations.

Than sprung of old, abhorr'd and vain,  
From ravag'd realms and myriads slain.

Why praise we, prodigal of fame,  
The rage that sets the world on flame?  
My guiltless Muse his brow shall bind  
Whose godlike bounty spares mankind.  
For those, whom bloody garlands crown,  
The brass may breathe, the marble frown,  
To him through every rescued land,  
Ten thousand living trophies stand. .

#### KENSINGTON GARDEN.

. . . Campos, ubi Troja fuit. VIRG.

WHERE Kensington, high o'er the neighbouring  
lands

Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabric, stands,  
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,  
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,  
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair  
To gravel walks, and unpolluted air.  
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,  
They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies;  
Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,  
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,  
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,  
And chints, the rival of the showery bow.

Here England's daughter, darling of the land,  
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,  
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er  
the rest,

Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest,  
Form'd to gain hearts, that Brunswick's cause  
deny'd,

And charm a people to her father's side.

Long have these groves to royal guests been  
known,

Nor Nassau first preferr'd them to a throne.

Ere Norman banners wav'd in British air ;

Ere lordly Hubba with the golden hair

Pour'd in his Danes ; ere elder Julius came ;

Or Dardan Brutus gave our isle a name ;

A prince of Albion's lineage grac'd the wood,

The scene of wars, and stain'd with lovers' blood.

You, who through gazing crowds your captive  
throng,

Throw pangs and passions, as you move along,

Turn on the left, ye fair, your radiant eyes,

Where all unlevell'd the gay garden lies :

If generous anguish for another's pains [veins,

Ere heav'd your hearts, or shiver'd through your

Look down attentive on the pleasing dale,

And listen to my melancholy tale.

That hollow space, were now in living rows

Line above line the yew's sad verdure grows,

Was, ere the planter's hand its beauty gave,

A common pit, a rude unfashion'd cave.

The landscape now so sweet we well may praise :  
But far, far sweeter in its ancient days,  
Far sweeter was it, when its peopled ground  
With fairy domes and dazzling towers was crown'd.  
Where in the midst those verdant pillars spring,  
Rose the proud palace of the Elfin king ;  
For every edge of vegetable green,  
In happier years a crowded street was seen ;  
Nor all those leaves that now the prospect grace,  
Could match the numbers of its pygmy race,  
What urg'd this mighty empire to its fate,  
A tale of woe and wonder, I relate.

When Albion rul'd the land, whose lineage came  
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame,  
Their midnight pranks the sprightly fairies play'd  
On every hill, and danc'd in every shade.  
But, foes to sunshine, most they took delight  
In dells and dales conceal'd from human sight :  
There hew'd their houses in the arching rock ;  
Or scoop'd the bosom of the blasted oak ;  
Or heard, o'ershadow'd by some shelving hill,  
The distant murmurs of the falling rill.  
They, rich in pilfer'd spoils, indulg'd their mirth,  
And pity'd the huge wretched sons of Earth.  
Ev'n now, 'tis said, the hinds o'erhear their strain,  
And strive to view their airy forms in vain :  
They to their cells at man's approach repair,  
Like the shy leveret, or the mother-hare,  
The whilst poor mortals startle at the sound  
Of unseen footsteps on the haunted ground.

Amid this garden, then with woods o'ergrown,  
Stood the lov'd seat of royal Oberon.  
From every region to his palace-gate  
Came peers and princes of the fairy state,  
Who, rank'd in council round the sacred shade,  
Their monarch's will and great behests obey'd.  
From Thames' fair banks, by lofty towers adorn'd,  
With loads of plunder oft his chiefs return'd:  
Hence in proud robes, and colours bright and gay,  
Shone every knight and every lovely fay.  
Whoe'er on Powell's dazzling stage display'd,  
Hath fam'd king Pepin and his court survey'd,  
May guess, if old by modern things we trace,  
The pomp and splendour of the fairy-race.

By magic fenc'd, by spells encompass'd round,  
No mortal touch'd this interdicted ground;  
No mortal enter'd, those alone who came  
Stol'n from the couch of some terrestrial dame:  
For oft of babes they robb'd the matron's bed,  
And left some sickly changeling in their stead.

It chanc'd a youth of Albion's royal blood  
Was foster'd here, the wonder of the wood.  
Milkah for wiles above her peers renown'd,  
Deep-skill'd in charms and many a mystic sound,  
As through the regal dome she sought for prey,  
Observ'd the infant Albion where he lay  
In mantles broider'd o'er with georgeous pride,  
And stole him from the sleeping mother's side.

Who now but Milkah triumphs in her mind!  
Ah, wretched nymph, to future evils blind?

The time shall come when thou shall dearly pay  
 The theft, hard-hearted ! of that guilty day :  
 Thou in thy turn shalt like the queen repine,  
 And all her sorrows doubled shall be thine :  
 He who adorns thy house, the lovely boy  
 Who now adorns it, shall at length destroy.

Two hundred moons in their pale course had  
 seen

The gay-rob'd fairies glimmer on the green,  
 And Albion now had reach'd in youthful prime  
 To nineteen years, as mortals measure time.  
 Flush'd with resistless charms he fir'd to love  
 Each nymph and little Dryad of the grove ;  
 For skilful Milkah spar'd not to employ  
 Her utmost art to rear the princely boy ;  
 Each supple limb she swath'd, and tender bone,  
 And to the Elfin standard kept him down ;  
 She robb'd dwarf-elders of their fragrant fruit,  
 And fed him early with the daisy's root,  
 Whence through his veins the powerful juices  
 ran,

And form'd in beauteous miniature the man.  
 Yet still, two inches taller than the rest,  
 His lofty port his human birth confest ;  
 A foot in height, how stately did he show !  
 How look superior on the crowd below !  
 What knight like him could toss the rushy lance !  
 Who move so graceful in the mazy dance !  
 A shape so nice, or features half so fair,  
 What elf could boast ! or such a flow of hair !

Bright Kenna saw, a princess born to reign,  
 And felt the charmer burn in every vein.  
 She, heiress to this empire's potent lord,  
 Prais'd like the stars, and next the Moon ador'd.  
 She, whom at distance thrones and princedom  
     view'd,

To whom proud Oriel and Azuriel sued,  
 In her high palace languish'd, void of joy,  
 And pin'd in secret for a mortal boy.

He too was smitten, and discreetly strove  
 By courtly deeds to gain the virgin's love.  
 For her he cull'd the fairest flower that grew,  
 Ere morning suns had drain'd their fragrant dew ;  
 He chas'd the hornet in his mid-day flight,  
 And brought her glowworms in the noon of night ;  
 When on ripe fruits she cast a wishing eye,  
 Did ever Albion think the tree too high !  
 He show'd her where the pregnant goldfinch hung,  
 And the wren-mother brooding o'er her young ;  
 To her th' inscription on their eggs he read,  
 (Admire, ye clerks, the youth whom Milkah bred)  
 To her he show'd each herb of virtuous juice,  
 Their powers distinguish'd, and describ'd their use :  
 All vain their powers, alas ! to Kenna prove,  
 And well sung Ovid, " There's no herb for love."

As when a ghost, enlarg'd from realms below,  
 Seeks its old friend to tell some secret woe,  
 The poor shade shivering stands, and must not  
     break  
 His painful silence, till the mortal speak :

So far'd it with the little love-sick maid,  
Forbid to utter, what her eyes betray'd.  
He saw her anguish, and reveal'd his flame,  
And spar'd the blushes of the tongue-ty'd dame.  
The day would fail me, should I reckon o'er  
The sighs they lavish'd, and the oaths they swore  
In words so melting, that compar'd with those  
The nicest courtship of terrestrial beaux  
Would sound like compliments, from country  
clowns [gowns.

To red cheek'd sweethearts in their home-spun

All in a lawn of many a various hue

A bed of flowers (a fairy forest) grew ;

'Twas here one noon, the gaudiest of the May,

The still, the secret, silent, hour of day,

Beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade

Sat the young lover and th' immortal maid.

They thought all fairies slept, ah, luckless pair !

Hid, but in vain, in the Sun's noon-tide glare !

When Albion, leaning on his Kenna's breast,

Thus all the softness of his soul exprest :

"All things are hush'd. The Sun's meridian  
rays

Veil the horizon in one mighty blaze:

Nor moon nor star in Heaven's blue arch is seen

With kindly rays to silver o'er the green,

Grateful to fairy eyes ; they secret take

Their rest, and only wretched mortals wake.

This dead of day I fly to thee alone,

A world to me, a multitude in one.

Oh, sweet as dew-drops on these flowery lawns,  
When the sky opens, and the evening dawns!  
Straight as the pink, that towers so high in air,  
Soft as the blow-bell! as the daisy, fair!  
Blest be the hour, when first I was convey'd  
An infant captive to this blissful shade!  
And blest the hand that did my form refine,  
And shrunk my stature to a match with thine!  
Glad I for thee renounce my royal birth,  
And all the giant-daughters of the Earth.  
Thou, if thy breast with equal ardour burn,  
Renounce thy kind, and love for love return.  
So from us two, combin'd by nuptial ties,  
A race unknown of demi-gods shall rise.  
O speak, my love! my vows with vows repay,  
And sweetly swear my rising fears away."

To whom (the shining azure of her eyes  
More brighten'd) thus th' enamour'd maid replies:

"By all the stars, and first the glorious moon,  
I swear, and by the head of Oberon,  
A dreadful oath! no prince of fairy line  
Shall e'er in wedlock plight his vows with mine.  
Wheree'er my footsteps in the dance are seen,  
May toadstools rise, and mildews blast the green,  
May the keen east-wind blight my favourite flowers,  
And snakes and spotted adders haunt my bowers.  
Confin'd whole ages in an hemlock shade  
There rather pine I a neglected maid,  
Or worse, exil'd from Cynthia's gentle rays,  
Parch in the sun a thousand summer-days,

Than any prince, a prince of fairy line,  
In sacred wedlock plight his vows with mine."

She ended : and with lips of rosy hue  
Dipp'd five times over in ambrosial dew,  
Stifled his words. When, from his covert rear'd,  
The frowning brow of Oberon appear'd.  
A sunflower's trunk was near, whence (killing  
sight !)

The monarch issued, half an ell in height :  
Full on the pair a furious look he cast,  
Nor spoke ; but gave his bugle-horn a blast,  
That through the woodland echoed far and wide,  
And drew a swarm of subjects to his side.  
A hundred chosen knights, in war renown'd,  
Drive Albion banish'd from the sacred ground ;  
And twice ten myriads guard the bright abodes,  
Where the proud king, amidst his demi-gods,  
For Kenna's sudden bridal bids prepare,  
And to Azuriel gives the weeping fair.

If fame in arms, with ancient birth combin'd,  
A faultless beauty, and a spotless mind,  
To love and praise can generous souls incline,  
That love, Azuriel, and that praise, was thine.  
Blood only less than royal fill'd thy veins,  
Proud was thy roof, and large thy fair domains.  
Where now the skies high Holland-House in-  
vades,

And short-liv'd Warwick sadden'd all the shades,  
Thy dwelling stood : nor did in him afford  
A nobler owner, or a lovelier lord.

For thee a hundred fields produc'd their store,  
 And by thy name ten thousand vassals swore ;  
 So lov'd thy name, that, at their monarch's choice,  
 All fairy shouted with a general voice.

Oriel alone a secret rage suppress,  
 That from his bosom heav'd the golden vest.  
 Along the banks of Thame his empire ran,  
 Wide was his range, and populous his clan.  
 When cleanly servants, if we trust old tales,  
 Beside their wages had good fairy vails,  
 Whole heaps of silver tokens, nightly paid,  
 The careful wife, or the neat dairy-maid,  
 Sunk not his stores. With smiles and powerful  
                   bribes

He gain'd the leaders of his neighbour tribes,  
 And ere the night the face of Heaven had chang'd,  
 Beneath his banners half the fairies rang'd.

Meanwhile, driven back to Earth, a lonely way  
 The cheerless Albion wander'd half the day,  
 A long, long journey, chok'd with brakes and  
                   thorns

Ill-measur'd by ten thousand barley-corns.  
 Tir'd out at length a spreading stream he spied  
 Fed by old Thame, a daughter of the tide :  
 'Twas then a spreading stream, though now its  
                   fame

Obscur'd, it bears the Greek's inglorious name,  
 And creeps, as through contracted bounds it  
                   strays,

A leap for boys in these degenerate days.

On the clear crystal's verdant bank he stood,  
And thrice look'd backward on the fatal wood,  
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice he beat his  
breast,

And thus in tears his kindred gods address :

“ If true, ye watery powers, my lineage came  
From Neptune mingling with a mortal dame ;  
Down to his court, with coral garlands crown'd,  
Through all your grottos waft my plaintive sound,  
And urge the god, whose trident shakes the Earth,  
To grace his offspring, and assert my birth.”

He said. A gentle Naiad heard his prayer,  
And, touch'd with pity for a lover's care,  
Shoots to the sea, where low beneath the tides  
Old Neptune in th' unfathom'd deep resides.  
Rous'd at the news, the sea's stern sultan swore  
Revenge, and scarce from present arms forbore ;  
But first the nymph his harbinger he sends,  
And to her care the favourite boy commends.

As thro' the Thames her backward course she  
guides,  
Driv'n up his current by the reflux tides,  
Along his banks the pygmy legions spread  
She spies, and haughty Oriel at their head.  
Soon with wrong'd Albion's name the host she fires,  
And counts the ocean's god, among his sires ;  
“ The ocean's god, by whom shall be o'erthrown,  
(Styx heard his oath) the tyrant Oberon.  
See here beneath a toadstool's deadly gloom  
Lies Albion ; him the Fates your leader doom.

Hear, and obey ; 'tis Neptune's powerful call,  
By him Azuriel and his king shall fall."

She said. They bow'd : and on their shields  
upbore

With shouts their new-saluted emperor.  
E'en Oriel smil'd : at least to smile he strove,  
And hopes of vengeance triumph'd over love.

See now the mourner of the lonely shade  
By gods protected, and by hosts obey'd,  
A slave, a chief, by fickle Fortune's play,  
In the short course of one revolving day.  
What wonder if the youth, so strangely blest,  
Felt his heart flutter in his little breast !  
His thick embattled troops, with secret pride,  
He views extended half an acre wide ;  
More light he treads, more tall he seems to rise,  
And struts a straw-breadth nearer to the skies.

O for thy Muse, great Bard,<sup>1</sup> whose lofty  
strains

In battle join'd the Pygmies and the Cranes ;  
Each gaudy knight, had I that warmth divine,  
Each colour'd legion in my verse should shine.  
But simple I, and innocent of art,  
The tale, that sooth'd my infant years, impart,  
The tale I heard whole winter-eves, untir'd,  
And sing the battles, that my nurse inspir'd.

Now the shrill corn-pipes, echoing loud to arms,  
To rank and file reduce the straggling swarms,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Addison.

Thick rows of spears at once, with sudden glare,  
A grove of needles, glitter in the air ;  
Loose in the winds small ribbon-streamers flow,  
Dipt in all colours of the heavenly bow,  
And the gay host, that now its march pursues,  
Gleams o'er the meadows in a thousand hues.

On Buda's plains thus formidably bright,  
Shone Asia's sons, a pleasing, dreadful sight.  
In various robes their silken troops were seen,  
The blue, the red, and Prophet's sacred green :  
When blooming Brunswick, near the Danube's  
flood,

First stain'd his maiden sword in Turkish blood.

Unseen and silent march the slow brigades  
Through pathless wilds, and unfrequented shades.  
In hope already vanquish'd by surprise,  
In Albion's power the fairy empire lies ;  
Already has he seiz'd on Kenna's charms,  
And the glad beauty trembles in his arms.

The march concludes : and now in prospect  
near,

But fenc'd with arms, the hostile towers appear.  
For Oberon, or Druids falsely sing,  
Wore his prime vizier in a magic ring,  
A subtle spright, that opening plots foretold  
By sudden dimness on the beamy gold.  
Hence, in a crescent form'd, his legions bright  
With beating bosoms waited for the fight ;  
To charge their foes they march, a glittering band,  
And in their van doth bold Azuriel stand.

What rage that hour did Albion's soul possess,  
Let chiefs imagine, and let lovers guess !  
Forth issuing from his ranks, that strove in vain  
To check his course, athwart the dreadful plain  
He strides indignant, and with haughty cries  
To single fight the fairy prince defies.  
Forbear ! rash youth, th' unequal war to try ;  
Nor, sprung from mortals, with immortals vie.  
No god stands ready to avert thy doom,  
Nor yet thy grandsire of the waves is come.  
My words are vain—no words the wretch can  
move,

By Beauty dazzled, and bewitch'd by Love :  
He longs, he burns, to win the glorious prize,  
And sees no danger, while he sees her eyes.

Now from each host the eager warriors start,  
And furious Albion flings his hasty dart,  
'Twas feather'd from the bee's transparent wing,  
And its shaft ended in a hornet's sting ;  
But, tost in rage, it flew without a wound,  
High o'er the foe, and guiltless pierc'd the ground.  
Not so Azuriel's : with unerring aim  
Too near the needle-pointed javelin came,  
Drove through the seven-fold shield, and silken  
vest,

And lightly ras'd the lover's ivory breast.  
Rous'd at the smart, and rising to the blow,  
With his keen sword he cleaves his fairy foe,  
Sheer from the shoulder to the waste he cleaves,  
And of one arm the tottering trunk bereaves.

His useless steel brave Albion yields no  
more,  
But sternly smiles, and thinks the combat o'er :  
So had it been, had aught of mortal strain,  
Or less than fairy, felt the deadly pain.  
But empyreal forms, howe'er in fight  
Gash'd and dismember'd, easily unite.  
As some frail cup of China's purest mould,  
With azure varnish'd, and bedropt with gold,  
Though broke, if cur'd by some nice virgin's  
hands,  
In its old strength and pristine beauty stands ;  
The tumults of the boiling Bohea braves,  
And holds secure the coffee's sable waves :  
So did Azuriel's arm, if Fame say true,  
Rejoin the vital trunk whence first it grew ;  
And whilst in wonder fix'd poor Albion stood,  
Plung'd the curs'd sabre in his heart's warm  
blood.

The golden broidery, tender Milkah wove,  
The breast, to Kenna sacred and to Love,  
Lie rent and mangled, and the gaping wound  
Pours out a flood of purple on the ground.  
The jetty lustre sickens in his eyes,  
On his cold cheeks the bloomy freshness dies ;  
" Oh Kenna, Kenna, " thrice he tried to say,  
" Kenna, farewell ! " and sigh'd his soul away.

His fall the Dryads with loud shrieks  
deplore,  
By sister Naiads echo'd from the shore,

Thence down to Neptune's secret realms convey'd,  
Through grotts, and glooms, and many a coral  
shade.

The sea's great sire, with looks denouncing war,  
The trident shakes, and mounts the pearly car ;  
With one stern frown the wide-spread deep  
deforms,

And works the madding ocean into storms.  
O'er foaming mountains, and through bursting  
tides,

Now high, now low, the bounding chariot rides,  
Till through the Thames in a loud whirlwind's roar  
It shoots, and lands him on the destin'd shore.

Now fix'd on earth his towering stature stood,  
Hung o'er the mountains, and o'erlook'd the wood.  
To Brumpton's Grove one ample stride he took,  
(The valleys trembled, and the forests shook,)  
The next huge step reach'd the devoted shade,  
Where chok'd in blood was wretched Albion laid :  
Where now the vanquish'd, with the victors join'd,  
Beneath the regal banners stood combin'd.

Th' embattled dwarfs with rage and scorn he  
past,

And on their town his eye vindictive cast.  
In deep foundations his strong trident cleaves,  
And high in air th' uprooted empire heaves ;  
On his broad engine the vast ruin hung,  
Which on the foe with force divine he flung :  
Aghast the legions in th' approaching shade,  
Th' inverted spires and rocking domes survey'd,

That, downward tumbling on the host below,  
 Crush'd the whole nation at one dreadful blow.  
 Towers, arms, nymphs, warriors, are together  
     lost,  
 And a whole empire falls to soothe said Albion's  
     ghost.

Such was the period, long restrain'd by Fate,  
 And such the downfall of the fairy state.  
 This dale, a pleasing region, not unblest,  
 This dale possess they ; and had still possess ;  
 Had not their monarch, with a father's pride,  
 Rent from her lord th' inviolable bride,  
 Rash to dissolve the contract seal'd above,  
 The solemn vows and sacred bonds of love.  
 Now, where his elves so sprightly danc'd the  
     round,  
 No violet breathes, nor daisy paints the ground,  
 His towers and people fill one common grave,  
 A shapeless ruin, and a barren cave.

Beneath huge hills of smoking piles he lay  
 Stunn'd and confounded a whole summer's  
     day,

At length awak'd (for what can long restrain  
 Unbody'd spirits !) but awak'd in pain :  
 And as he saw the desolated wood,  
 And the dark den where once his empire stood,  
 Grief chill'd his heart : to his half-open'd eyes  
 In every oak a Neptune seem'd to rise :  
 He fled : and left, with all his trembling peers,  
 The long possession of a thousand years.

Through bush, through brake, through groves, and  
 gloomy dales [vales,  
 Through dank and dry, o'er streams and flowery  
 Direct they fled ; but often look'd behind,  
 And stopt and started at each rustling wind.  
 Wing'd with like fear, his abdicated bands  
 Disperse and wander into different lands.  
 Part hid beneath the Peak's deep caverns lie,  
 In silent glooms, impervious to the sky ;  
 Part on fair Avon's margin seek repose,  
 Whose stream o'er Britain's midmost region  
 flows,

Where formidable Neptune never came,  
 And seas and oceans are but known by fame :  
 Some to dark woods and secret shade retreat :  
 And some on mountains choose their airy seat.  
 There haply by the ruddy damsel seen,  
 Or shepherd-boy, they featly foot the green,  
 While from their steps a circling verdure springs ;  
 But fly from towns, and dread the courts of kings.

Meanwhile said Kenna, loth to quit the grove,  
 Hung o'er the body of her breathless love,  
 Try'd every art, (vain arts !) to change his doom,  
 And vow'd (vain vows !) to join him in the tomb.  
 What could she do ? the Fates alike deny  
 The dead to live, or fairy forms to die.

An herb there grows (the same old Homer <sup>1</sup> tells  
 Ulysses bore to rival Circe's spells)

<sup>1</sup> Odyss. Lib. x.

Its root is ebon-black, but sends to light  
A stem that bends with flow'rets milky white,  
Moly the plant, which gods and fairies know,  
But secret kept from mortal men below.  
On his pale limbs its virtuous juice she shed,  
And murmur'd mystic numbers o'er the dead,  
When lo! the little shape by magic power  
Grew less and less, contracted to a flower ;  
A flower, that first in this sweet garden smil'd,  
To virgins sacred, and the Snowdrop styl'd.

The new-born plant with sweet regret she view'd,  
Warm'd with her sighs, and with her tears bedew'd,  
Its ripen'd seeds from bank to bank convey'd,  
And with her lover whiten'd half the shade.  
Thus won from death each spring she sees him  
grow,

And glorious in the vegetable snow,  
Which now increas'd through wide Britannia's  
plains,

Its parent's warmth and spotless name retains,  
First leader of the flowery race aspires,  
And foremost catches the Sun's genial fires,  
'Mid frosts and snows triumphant dares appear,  
Mingles the seasons, and leads on the year.

Deserted now of all the pygmy race,  
Nor man nor fairy touch'd this guilty place.  
In heaps on heaps, for many a rolling age,  
It lay accurs'd, the mark of Neptune's rage,  
Till great Nassau recloth'd the desert shade,  
Thence sacred to Britannia's monarchs made.

'Twas then the green-rob'd nymph, fair Kenna,  
came,  
(Kenna that gave the neighbouring town its  
name.)

Proud when she saw th' ennobled garden shine  
With nymphs and heroes of her lover's line,  
She vow'd to grace the mansions once her own,  
And picture out in plants the fairy town.  
To far-fam'd Wise her flight unseen she sped,  
And with gay prospects fill'd the craftsman's head,  
Soft in his fancy drew a pleasing scheme,  
And plann'd that landscape in a morning dream.

With the sweet view the sire of Gardens fir'd,  
Attempts the labour by the nymph inspir'd,  
The walls and streets in rows of yew designs,  
And forms the town in all its ancient lines ;  
The corner trees he lifts more high in air,  
And girds the palace with a verdant square ;  
Nor knows, while round he views the rising scenes,  
He builds a city as he plants his greens.

With a sad pleasure the ærial maid  
This image of her ancient realms survey'd,  
How chang'd, how fall'n from its primeval pride !  
Yet here each moon, the hour her lover died,  
Each moon his solemn obsequies she pays,  
And leads the dance beneath pale Cynthia's rays ;  
Pleas'd in these shades to head her fairy train,  
And grace the groves where Albion's kinsmen  
reign.

## TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Oh ! form'd by Nature, and refin'd by Art,  
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart !  
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free  
Thy croud of captives and descend to me ?  
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,  
A hidden beauty and a country wife ?  
O ! listen while thy summers are my theme,  
Ah ! soothe thy partner in his waking dream !  
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain, [train ;  
Where Thames, through meadows, rolls his mazy  
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens array'd  
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,  
Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat ;  
Already round the visionary seat  
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,  
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.  
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green,  
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,  
Where sons, contented with their native ground,  
Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round,  
And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,  
Were born together, and together died ;

Where early larks best tell the morning light,  
And only Philomel disturbs the night?  
Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,  
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies;  
All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,  
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend;  
And oh! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,  
A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,  
A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,  
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.  
What cheering scents these bordering banks  
exhale!

How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!  
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,  
He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.  
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,  
The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly  
horn;

Or lure the trout with well dissembled flies,  
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.  
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,  
The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine;  
Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,  
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.  
Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,  
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,  
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,  
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.  
Oh! when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,  
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;

Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every  
sense,

And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.  
Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,  
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;  
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,  
And specious joys are bought with real woe.  
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right ;  
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.  
Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,  
To shun the withering dame that made him gay ;  
That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame ;  
That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame ;  
This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land,  
And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.  
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,  
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew,  
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,  
And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away ;  
From goblets high-embost, his wine must glide,  
Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;  
Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must  
rise,

And three untasted courses glut his eyes.  
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,  
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood ;  
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,  
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.  
Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,  
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage.

And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind !  
Prone to ambition, to example blind,  
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,  
And the same errors be for ever new.  
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,  
My reed with warblings cheers the imagin'd plain.  
Hail humble shades, where truth and silence  
    dwell !  
The noisy town and faithless court farewell !  
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame !  
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame !  
In life's by-road, that winds through paths un-  
    known,  
My days, though number'd, shall be all my own.  
Here shall they end, (O ! might they twice  
    begin)  
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

## A POEM

IN PRAISE OF THE HORNBOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

*Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra. ....*  
*.....~.....Podagra hæc otia fecit.*

HAIL ! ancient Book, most venerable code !  
 Learning's first cradle, and its last abode !  
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,  
 By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee.  
 Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,  
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing, in comely wainscot bound,  
 And golden verge enclosing thee around ;  
 The faithful horn before, from age to age,  
 Preserving thy invaluable page ;  
 Behind, thy patron saint in armour shines,  
 With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines :  
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies  
 Transfix'd ; his blood thy scarlet cover dies ;  
 Th' instructive handle 's at the bottom fix'd,  
 Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.

Or if to gingerbread thou shalt descend,  
And liquorish learning to thy babes extend ;  
Or sugar'd plane, o'erspread with beaten gold,  
Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;  
Thou still shalt be my song——Apollo's choir  
I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :  
'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought  
Of all the learning which has since been taught,  
Soon made complete ! for mortals ne'er shall know  
More than contain'd of old the Christ-cross row ;  
What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,  
Wise matrons hence, e'en to our children teach :  
But as the name of every plant and flower  
(So common that each peasant knows its power)  
Physicians in mysterious cant express,  
T' amuse the patient, and enhance their fees ;  
So from the letters of our native tongue,  
Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung,  
Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,  
And artful men strike out a gainful trade ;  
Strange characters adorn the learned gate,  
And heedless youth catch at the shining bait ;  
The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,  
And Tau's, and Delta's,<sup>1</sup> make their mothers stare ;  
Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,  
And what's uncommon never costs too dear.  
Yet in all tongues the Hornbook is the same,  
Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.

<sup>1</sup> The Greek letters T, Δ.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,  
In which thou dost all other books excel?  
No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil,  
Nor crooked dogsears thy smooth corners spoil;  
In idle pages no errata stand,  
To tell the blunders of the printer's hand:  
No fulsome dedication here is writ,  
Nor flattering verse, to praise the author's wit:  
The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,  
Nor various reading to confound the text:  
All parties in thy literal sense agree,  
Thou perfect centre of concordancy!  
Search we the records of an ancient date,  
Or read what modern histories relate,  
They all proclaim what wonders have been done  
By the plain letters taken as they run:  
"Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,  
And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;  
His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,  
And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued:  
In vain were all the weaker methods tried,  
None could suffice to stem the furious tide,  
Thy sacred line he did but once repeat,  
And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat."<sup>1</sup>

Thy heavenly notes, like angels' music, cheer  
Departing souls, and soothe the dying ear.  
An aged peasant, on his latest bed,  
Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;

<sup>1</sup> The advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher.

The pious grandson thy known handle takes,  
And (eyes lift up) this savory lecture makes :  
“Great A,” he gravely read ; the important  
                  sound

The empty walls and hollow roof rebound :  
Th’ expiring ancient rear’d his drooping head,  
And thank’d his stars that Hodge had learn’d to  
                  read.

“Great B,” the younker bawls : O heavenly breath !  
What ghostly comforts in the hour of death !  
What hopes I feel ! “Great C,” pronounc’d the  
                  boy ;

The grandsire dies with ecstasy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,  
Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds.  
Of Essex-Hundreds Fame gives this report,  
But Fame, I ween, says many things in sport.  
Scarce lives the man to whom thou’rt quite un-  
                  known,

Though few th’ extent of thy vast empire own.  
Whatever wonders magic spells can do  
On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below ;  
What words profound and dark wise Mahomet  
                  spoke,

When his old cow an angel’s figure took ;  
What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,  
Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,  
O mighty Book, are all contain’d in you !  
All human arts, and every science meet,  
Within the limits of thy single sheet :

From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,  
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.  
 And, lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,  
 Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write;  
 The gentler gout his former rage forgets,  
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits:  
 Loose grew the chains which bound my useless  
     feet;  
 Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat;  
 Surprising strength comes every moment on,  
 I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.  
 Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop.  
 And at thy handle<sup>1</sup> hand my crutches up.

### THERISTES, OR THE LORDLING,

THE GRANDSON OF A BRICKLAYER, GREAT-  
 GRANDSON OF A BUTCHER.

THERISTES of amphibious breed,  
 Motley fruit of mongrel seed:  
 By the dam from lordlings sprung,  
 By the sire exhal'd from dung:

<sup>1</sup> Votiva Tabula. HOR.

Think on every vice in both,  
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,  
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride,  
Positive and overbearing,  
Changing still, and still adhering,  
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,  
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward ;  
When his friends he most is hard on,  
Cringing comes to beg their pardon ;  
Reputation ever tearing,  
Ever dearest friendship swearing ;  
Judgment weak, and passion strong ;  
Always various, always wrong ;  
Provocation never waits,  
Where he loves, or where he hates ;  
Talks whate'er comes in his head,  
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,  
From his father's scoundrel race,  
Who could give the looby such airs ?  
Were they masons ? Were they butchers ?  
Herald lend the Muse an answer,  
From his atavus and grandsire !  
This was dexterous at his trowel,  
That was bred to kill a cow well :  
Hence the greasy clumsy mien,  
In his dress and figure seen :  
Hence that mean and sordid soul,  
Like his body, rank and foul :

Hence that wild suspicious peep,  
Like a rogue that steals a sheep :  
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,  
How to cut a throat and smile :  
Like a butcher doom'd for life,  
In his mouth to wear his knife :  
Hence he draws his daily food,  
From his tenant's vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be tried,  
Borrow'd from the mason-side.  
Some, perhaps, may think him able  
In the state to build a Babel ;  
Could we place him in a station  
To destroy the old foundation.  
True, indeed, I should be gladder  
Could he learn to mount a ladder.  
May he at his latter end  
Mount alive, and dead descend.  
In him tell me, which prevail,  
Female vices most, or male ?  
What produc'd them, can you tell ?  
Human race, or imp of Hell ?

OXFORD, A POEM,<sup>1</sup>INSCRIBED TO LORD LONSDALE,<sup>2</sup> 1707.

Unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem  
 Carmine perpetuo celebrare—

HOR. I. Od. 7.

WHILST you, my lord, adorn that stately seat,  
 Where shining Beauty makes her soft retreat,  
 Enjoying all those graces, uncontroll'd,  
 Which noblest youths would die but to behold;  
 Whilst you inhabit Lowther's awful pile,  
 A structure worthy of the founder's toil,

<sup>1</sup> Added by the express direction of Dr. Johnson; by whom (together with another piece) it was originally appended to his *Life of Tickell*, with this introduction: "The two poems which follow would have been inserted in the collection, if the compilers could have obtained copies of them. To complete the poetical works of Tickell, they are here copied from the *Select Collection of Miscellaneous Poems*, 1780." *N*.

<sup>2</sup> Richard, second Lord Viscount Lonsdale. He died of the smallpox, December 1, 1718. *N*.

Amaz'd we see the former Lonsdale<sup>3</sup> shine  
 In each descendant of his noble line :  
 But most transported and surpris'd we view  
 His ancient glories all reviv'd in you,  
 Where charms and virtues join their equal grace,  
 Your father's godlike soul, your mother's lovely  
 face.

Me fortune and kind Heaven's indulgent care  
 To famous Oxford and the Muses bear,  
 Where, of all ranks, the blooming youths combine  
 To pay due homage to the mighty Nine,  
 And snatch, with smiling joy, the laurel crown,  
 Due to the learned honours of the gown.  
 Here I, the meanest of the tuneful throng,  
 Delude the time with an unhallow'd song,  
 Which thus my thanks to much-lov'd Oxford pays,  
 In no ungrateful, though unartful lays.

Where shall I first the beauteous scene disclose,  
 And all the gay variety expose ?  
 For wheresoe'er I turn my wondering eyes,  
 Aspiring towers and verdant groves arise,  
 Immortal greens the smiling plains array,  
 And mazy rivers murmur all the way.

O ! might your eyes behold each sparkling dome,  
 And freely o'er the beauteous prospect roam,

<sup>3</sup> Sir John Lowther, one of the early promoters of the Revolution, was constituted vice-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary on their advancement to the throne; created Baron Lowther and Viscount Lonsdale, May 28, 1696; and appointed lord privy-seal in 1699. He died July 10, 1700. *N.*

Less ravish'd your own Lowther you'd survey,  
 Though pomp and state the costly seat display,  
 Where Art so nicely has adorn'd the place,  
 That Nature's aid might seem an useless grace ;  
 Yet Nature's smiles such various charms impart,  
 That vain and needless are the strokes of Art.  
 In equal state our rising structures shine,  
 Fram'd by such rules, and form'd by such design,  
 That here, at once surpris'd and pleas'd, we view  
 Old Athens lost and conquer'd in the new ;  
 More sweet our shades, more fit our bright abodes  
 For warbling Muses and inspiring Gods.

Great Vanbrook's<sup>4</sup> self might own each artful  
 draught

Equal to models in his curious thought,  
 Nor scorn a fabric by our plans to frame,  
 Or in immortal labours sing their fame ;  
 Both ways he saves them from destroying Fate,  
 If he but praise them, or but imitate.

See, where the sacred Sheldon's<sup>5</sup> haughty dome  
 Rivals the stately pomp of ancient Rome,  
 Whose form, so great and noble, seems design'd  
 T' express the grandeur of its founder's mind.  
 Here, in one lofty building, we behold  
 Whate'er the Latian pride could boast of old.  
 True, no dire combats feed the savage eye,  
 And strew the sand with sportive cruelty ;  
 But, more adorn'd with what the Muse inspires,  
 It far outshines their bloody theatres.

<sup>4</sup> Sir John Vanbrugh. *N.*

<sup>5</sup> The Theatre. *T.*

Delightful scene ! when here, in equal verse,  
The youthful bards their godlike queen rehearse,  
To Churchill's wreaths Apollo's laurel join,  
And sing the plains of Hockstet and Judoign.

Next let the Muse record our Bodley's seat <sup>6</sup>,  
Nor aim at numbers, like the subject, great :  
All hail, thou fabric, sacred to the Nine,  
Thy fame immortal, and thy form divine !  
Who to thy praise attempts the dangerous flight,  
Should in thy various tongues be taught to write ;  
His verse, like thee, a lofty dress should wear,  
And breathe the genius which inhabits there ;  
Thy proper lays alone can make thee live,  
And pay that fame, which first thyself didst give.  
So fountains, which through secret channels flow,  
And pour above the floods they take below,  
Back to their father Ocean urge their way,  
And to the sea, the streams it gave, repay.

No more we fear the military rage,  
Nurs'd up in some obscure barbarian age ;  
Nor dread the ruin of our arts divine,  
From thick-skull'd heroes of the Gothic line,  
Though pale the Romans saw those arms advance,  
And wept their learning lost in ignorance.  
Let brutal rage around its terrour spread,  
The living murder, and consume the dead,  
In impious fires let noblest writings burn,  
And with their authors share a common urn ;

<sup>6</sup> The Bodleian Library. T.

Only, ye Fates, our lov'd Bodleian spare,  
Be IT, and Learning's self shall be your care,  
Here every art and every grace shall join,  
Collected Phœbus here alone shall shine,  
Each other seat be dark, and this be all divine.  
Thus when the Greeks imperial Troy defac'd,  
And to the ground its fatal walls debas'd,  
In vain they burn the work of hands divine,  
And vow destruction to the Dardan line,  
Whilst good Æneas flies th' unequal wars,  
And, with his guardian gods, Iulus bears,  
Old Troy for ever stands in him alone,  
And all the Phrygian kings survive in one.

Here still presides each sage's reverend shade,  
In soft repose and easy grandeur laid ;  
Their deathless works forbid their fame to die,  
Nor Time itself their persons shall destroy,  
Preserv'd within the living gallery.<sup>7</sup>  
What greater gift could bounteous Heaven bestow,  
Than to be seen above, and read below ?  
With deep respect I bend my duteous head,  
To see the faithful likeness of the dead ;  
But O ! what Muse can equal warmth impart ?  
The painter's skill transcends the poet's art.  
When round the pictur'd founders I descry,  
With goodness soft, and great with majesty,  
So much of life the artful colours give,  
Scarce more within their colleges they live ;

<sup>7</sup> The Picture Gallery. T.

My blood begins in wilder rounds to roll,  
And pleasing tumults combat in my soul ;  
An humble awe my downcast eyes betray,  
And only less than adoration pay.  
Such were the Roman Fathers, when, o'ercome,  
They saw the Gauls insult o'er conquer'd Rome ;  
Each captive seem'd the haughty victor's lord,  
And prostrate chiefs their awful slaves ador'd.

Such art as this adorns your Lowther's hall,  
Where feasting gods carouse upon the wall ;  
The nectar, which creating paint supplies,  
Intoxicates each pleas'd spectator's eyes ;  
Who view, amaz'd, the figures heavenly fair,  
And think they breathe the true Elysian air.  
With strokes so bold, great Verrio's hand has  
drawn

The gods in dwellings brighter than their own.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I behold.  
What lively features grac'd each bard of old ;  
Such lips, I think, did guide his charming  
tongue,

In such an air as this the poet sung ;  
Such eyes as these glow'd with the sacred fire,  
And hands like these employ'd the vocal lyre.  
Quite ravish'd, I pursue each image o'er,  
And scarce admire their deathless labours more.  
See where the gloomy Scaliger appears,  
Each shade is critic, and each feature sneers ;  
The artful Ben so smartly strikes the eye,  
I more than see a fancy'd comedy ;

The muddy Scotus crowns the motley show,  
And metaphysics cloud his wrinkled brow.  
But distant awe invades my beating breast,  
To see great Ormond in the paint exprest ;  
With fear I view the figure from afar,  
Which burns with noble ardour for the war ;  
But near approaches free my doubting mind,  
To view such sweetness with such grandeur join'd.

Here studious heads the graver tablet shows,  
And there with martial warmth the picture glows ;  
The blooming youth here boasts a brighter hue,  
And painted virgins far outshine the true.

Hail, Colours, which with Nature bear a strife,  
And only want a voice to perfect life !  
The wondering stranger makes a sudden stand,  
And pays low homage to the lovely band ;  
Within each frame a real fair believes,  
And vainly thinks the mimic canvas lives ;  
Till, undeceiv'd, he quits th' enchanting shew,  
Pleas'd with the art, though he laments it too.

So when his Juno bold Ixion woo'd,  
And aim'd at pleasures worthy of a god,  
A beauteous cloud was form'd by angry Jove,  
Fit to invite, though not indulge his love ;  
The mortal thought he saw his goddess shine,  
And all the lying graces look'd divine ;  
But when with heat he clasp'd her fancied charms,  
The empty vapour baulk'd his eager arms.

Loth to depart, I leave th' inviting scene,  
Yet scarce forbear to view it o'er again ;

But still new objects give a new delight,  
And various prospects bless the wandering sight.

Aloft in state the airy towers arise,  
And with new lustre deck the wondering skies !  
Lo ! to what height the schools ascending reach,  
Built with that art which they alone can teach ;  
The lofty dome expands her spacious gate,  
Where all the decent graces jointly wait ;  
In every shape the god of art resorts,  
And crowds of sages fill th' extended courts.

With wonders fraught the bright Museum see,  
Itself the greatest curiosity !  
Where Nature's choicest treasure, all combin'd,  
Delight at once, and quite confound the mind ;  
Ten thousand splendours strike the dazzled eye,  
And form on Earth another galaxy.

Here colleges in sweet confusion rise,  
There temples seem to reach their native skies ;  
Spires, towers, and groves, compose the various  
shew,

And mingled prospects charm the doubting view ;  
Who can deny their characters divine,  
Without resplendent, and inspir'd within ?  
But, since above my weak and artless lays,  
Let their own poets sing their equal praise.

One labour more my grateful verse renews,  
And rears aloft the low-descending Muse ;  
The building,<sup>6</sup> parent of my young essays,

<sup>6</sup> Queen's College Library. See the Poem on Queen Caro

Asks in return a tributary praise.  
Pillars sublime bear up the learned weight,  
And antique sages tread the pompous height ;  
Whilst guardian Muses shade the happy piles,  
And all around diffuse propitious smiles.  
Here Lancaster, adorn'd with every grace,  
Stands chief in merit, as the chief in place :  
To his lov'd name our earliest lays belong,  
The theme at once, and patron of our song.  
Long may he o'er his much-lov'd Queen's preside,  
Our arts encourage, and our counsels guide ;  
Till after-ages, fill'd with glad surprise,  
Behold his image all majestic rise,  
Where now in pomp a venerable band,  
Princes and queens and holy fathers, stand.  
Good Eggesfield<sup>9</sup> claims homage from the eye,  
And the hard stone seems soft with piety ;  
The mighty monarchs still the same appear,  
And every marble frown provokes the war ;  
Whilst rugged rocks, mark'd with Philippa's face,  
Soften to charms, and glow with new-born grace.  
A sightless noble did the warriors yield,  
Transform'd to statues by the Gorgon shield ;  
Distorting fear the coward's form confest,  
And fury seem'd to heave the hero's breast ;  
The lifeless rocks each various thought betray'd,  
And all the soul was in the stone display'd.

line's rebuilding the Lodgings of the Black Prince and Henry  
V. p. 101, the other of the "two poems" alluded to in p. 180. *N.*

<sup>9</sup> Robert Eggesfield, B. D. the founder, 1840. *N.*

Too high, my verse ! has been thy daring flight,  
Thy softer numbers now the groves invite,  
Where silent shades provoke the speaking lyre,  
And cheerful objects happy songs inspire,  
At once bestow rewards, and thoughts infuse,  
Compose a garland, and supply a Muse.

Behold around, and see the living green  
In native colours paints a blooming scene ;  
The eternal buds no deadly Winter fear,  
But scorn the coldest season of the year ;  
Apollo sure will bless the happy place,  
Which his own Daphne condescends to grace ;  
For here the everlasting laurels grow,  
In every grotto, and on every brow.  
Prospects so gay demand a Congreve's strains,  
To call the gods and nymphs upon the plains ;  
Pan yields his empire o'er the sylvan throng,  
Pleas'd to submit to his superior song ;  
Great Denham's genius looks with rapture down,  
And Spenser's shade resigns the rural crown.

Fill'd with great thoughts, a thousand sages rove  
Through every field and solitary grove ;  
Whose souls, ascending an exalted height,  
Out-soar the drooping Muse's vulgar flight,  
That longs to see her darling votaries laid  
Beneath the covert of some gentle shade,  
Where purling streams and warbling birds conspire  
To aid th' enchantments of the trembling lyre.

Bear me, some god, to Christ-Church, royal seat,  
And lay me softly in the green retreat,

Where Aldrich holds o'er Wit the sovereign power,  
 And crowns the poets which he taught before.  
 To Aldrich Britain owes her tuneful Boyle,  
 The noblest trophy of the conquer'd isle ;  
 Who adds new warmth to our poetic fire,  
 And gives to England the Hibernian lyre.  
 Philips, by Phœbus and his Aldrich taught,  
 Sings with that heat wherewith his Churchill  
                   fought,

Unfetter'd, in great Milton's strain he writes,  
 Like Milton's angels whilst his hero fights ;  
 Pursues the bard, whilst he with honour can,  
 Equals the poet, and excels the man.     [around,

O'er all the plains, the streams, and woods  
 The pleasing lays of sweetest bards resound ;  
 A faithful echo every note returns,  
 And listening river-gods neglect their urns.  
 When Codrington<sup>1</sup> and Steele their verse unrein,  
 And form an easy, unaffected strain,  
 A double wreath of laurel binds their brow,  
 As they are poets and are warriors too.  
 Trapp's lofty scenes in gentle numbers flow,  
 Like Dryden great, as soft as moving Rowe.  
 When youthful Harrison,<sup>2</sup> with tuneful skill  
 Makes Woodstock Park scarce yield to Cooper's  
                   Hill ;

Old Chaucer from th' Elysian Fields looks down,

<sup>1</sup> The great benefactor to All-souls College. *N.*

<sup>2</sup> Of whom, see Select Collection, vol iv. p. 180. *N.*

And sees at length a genius like his own ;  
 Charm'd with his lays, which reach the shades  
     below,

Fair Rosamonda intermits her woe,  
 Forgets the anguish of an injur'd soul,  
 The fatal poignard, and envenom'd bowl.

Apollo smiles on Magd'len's peaceful bowers,  
 Perfumes the air, and paints the grot with flowers,  
 Where Yalden learn'd to gain the myrtle crown,  
 And every Muse was fond of Addison.  
 Applauded man ! for weightier trusts design'd,  
 For once disdain not to unbend thy mind ;  
 Thy mother Isis and her groves rehearse,  
 A subject not unworthy of thy verse ;  
 So Latian fields will cease to boast thy praise,  
 And yield to Oxford, painted in thy lays :  
 And when the age to come, from envy free,  
 What thou to Virgil giv'st shall give to thee,  
 Isis, immortal by the poet's skill,  
 " Shall, in the smooth description, murmur still <sup>3</sup> ;"  
 New beauties shall adorn our sylvan scene,  
 And in thy numbers grow for ever green.

Danby's fam'd gift <sup>4</sup> such verse as thine requires,  
 Exalted raptures, and celestial fires ;  
 Apollo here should plenteously impart,  
 As well his singing, as his curing art ;

<sup>3</sup> Letter from Italy, by Mr. Addison. *T.*

<sup>4</sup> The Physic-garden at Oxford. This hint was happily taken up in 1713, by Dr. Evans. See *Select Collection*, 1780, vol. iii. p. 145. *N.*

Nature herself the healing garden loves,  
Which kindly her declining strength improves,  
Baffles the strokes of unrelenting Death,  
Can break his arrows, and can blunt his teeth.  
How sweet the landscape! where, in living trees,  
Here frowns a vegetable Hercules!  
There fam'd Achilles learns to live again;  
And looks yet angry in the mimic scene;  
Here artful birds, which blooming arbours show  
Seem to fly higher, whilst they upwards grow,  
From the same leaves both arms and warriors  
rise,

And every bough a different charm supplies.

So when our world the great Creator made,  
And, unadorn'd, the sluggish chaos laid,  
Horror and Beauty own'd their sire the same,  
And Form itself from Parent Matter came,  
That lumpish mass alone was source of all,  
And Bards and Themes had one original.

In vain the groves demand my longer stay,  
The gentle Isis wafts the Muse away;  
With ease the river guides her wandering stream,  
And hastes to mingle with uxorious Thame,  
Attempting poets on her banks lie down,  
And quaff, inspir'd, the better Helicon,  
Harmonious strains adorn their various themes,  
Sweet as the banks, and flowing as the streams.

Bless'd we, whom bounteous Fortune here has  
thrown.

And made the various blessings all our own!

Nor crowns, nor globes, the pageantry of state,  
Upon our humble, easy slumbers wait ;  
Nor aught that is Ambition's lofty theme  
Disturbs our sleep, and gilds the gaudy dream.  
Touch'd by no ills which vex th' unhappy great,  
We only read the changes in the state,  
Triumphant Marlborough's arms at distance hear,  
And learn from Fame the rough events of war ;  
With pointed rhymes the Gallic tyrant pierce,  
And make the cannon thunder in our verse.

See how the matchless youth their hours im-  
prove,  
And in the glorious way to knowledge move !  
Eager for fame, prevent the rising Sun,  
And watch the midnight labours of the Moon.  
Not tender years their bold attempts restrain,  
Who leave dull 'Time, and hasten into man,  
Pure to the soul, and pleasing to the eyes,  
Like angels youthful, and like angels wise.

Some learn the mighty deeds of ages gone,  
And, by the lives of heroes, form their own ;  
Now view the Granique chok'd with heaps of  
slain,

And warring worlds on the Pharsalian plain ;  
Now hear the trumpets clangour from afar,  
And all the dreadful harmony of war ;  
Now trace those secret tricks that lost a state,  
And search the fine-spun arts that made it great,  
Correct those errours that its ruin bred,  
And bid some long-lost empire rear its ancient head.

Others, to whom persuasive arts belong,  
(Words in their looks, and music on their tongue)  
Instructed by the wit of Greece and Rome,  
Learn richly to adorn their native home ;  
Whilst listening crowds confess the sweet surprise,  
With pleasure in their breasts, and wonder in their  
eyes.

Here curious minds the latent seeds disclose,  
And Nature's darkest labyrinths expose ;  
Whilst greater souls the distant worlds descry,  
Pierce to the out-stretch'd borders of the sky,  
Enlarge the searching mind, and broad expand the  
eye.

O you, whose rising years so great began,  
In whose bright youth I read the shining man,  
O Lonsdale, know what noblest minds approve,  
The thoughts they cherish, and the hearts they  
love :

Let these examples your young bosom fire,  
And bid your soul to boundless height aspire.  
Methinks I see you in our shades retir'd,  
Alike admiring, and by all admir'd :  
Your eloquence now charms my ravish'd ear,  
Which future senates shall transported hear,  
Now mournful verse inspires a pleasing woe,  
And now your cheeks with warlike fury glow,  
Whilst on the paper fancy'd fields appear,  
And prospects of imaginary war ;  
Your martial soul sees Hockstet's fatal plain,  
Or fights the fam'd Ramilia o'er again.

But I in vain these lofty names rehearse,  
Above the faint attempts of humble verse,  
Which Garth should in immortal strains design,  
Or Addison exalt with warmth divine ;  
A meaner song my tender voice requires,  
And fainter lays confess the fainter fires,  
By Nature fitted for an humble theme  
A painted prospect, or a murmuring stream,  
To tune a vulgar note in Echo's praise,  
Whilst Echo's self resounds the flattering lays ;  
Or, whilst I tell how Myra's charms surprise,  
Paint roses on her cheeks, and suns within her  
eyes.

O, did proportion'd height to me belong,  
Great Anna's name should grace th' ambitious  
song ;

Illustrious dames should round their queen resort,  
And Lonsdale's mother crown the splendid court ;  
Her noble son should boast no vulgar place,  
But share the ancient honours of his race ;  
Whilst each fair daughter's face and conquering  
eyes

To Venus only should submit the prize.  
O matchless beauties ! more than heavenly fair,  
Your looks resistless, and divine your air,  
Let your bright eyes their bounteous beams dif-  
fuse,

And no fond Bard shall ask an useless Muse ;  
Their kindling rays excite a noble fire,  
Give beauty to the song, and music to the lyre.

This charming theme I ever could pursue,  
 And think the inspiration ever new,  
 Did not the god my wandering pen restrain;  
 And bring me to his Oxford back again.

Oxford, the goddess Muse's native home,  
 Inspir'd like Athens, and adorn'd like Rome!  
 Hadst thou of old been Learning's fam'd retreat,  
 And pagan Muses chose thy lovely seat,  
 O, how unbounded had their fiction been!  
 What fancy'd visions had adorn'd the scene!  
 Upon each hill a sylvan Pan had stood,  
 And every thicket boasted of a god;  
 Satyrs had frisk'd in each poetic grove,  
 And not a stream without its nymphs could move;  
 Each summit had the train of Muses show'd,  
 And Hippocrene in every fountain flow'd;  
 The tales, adorn'd with each poetic grace,  
 Had look'd almost as charming as the place.

Ev'n now we hear the world with transports  
 own

Those fictions by more wondrous truths outdone;  
 Here pure Eusebia keeps her holy seat,  
 And Themis smiles from Heaven on this retreat;  
 Our chaster Graces own refin'd desires,  
 And all our Muses burn with vestal fires;  
 Whilst guardian-angels our Apollos stand,  
 Scattering rich favours with a bounteous hand,  
 To bless the happy air and sanctify the land.

O pleasing shades! O ever-green retreats!  
 Ye learned grottoes! and ye sacred seats!

Never may you politer arts refuse,  
But entertain in peace the bashful Muse !  
So may you be kind Heaven's distinguish'd care,  
And may your fame be lasting, as 'tis fair !  
Let greater Bards on fam'd Parnassus dream,  
Or taste th' inspir'd Heliconian stream ;  
Yet, whilst our Oxford is the bless'd abode  
Of every Muse, and every tuneful god,  
Parnassus owns its honours far outdone,  
And Isis boasts more Bards than Helicon.

A thousand blessings I to Oxford owe,  
But you, my Lord, th' inspiring Muse bestow ;  
Grac'd with your name th' unpolish'd poem shines,  
You guard its faults, and consecrate the lines,  
O might you here meet my desiring eyes,  
My drooping song to nobler heights would rise :  
Or might I come to breathe your northern air,  
Yet should I find an equal pleasure there ;  
Your presence would the harsher climate soothe,  
Hush every wind, and every mountain smooth ;  
Would bid the groves in springing pomp arise,  
And open charming vistas to the eyes ;  
Would make my trifling verse be heard around,  
And sportive Echo play the empty sound :  
With you I should a better Phœbus find,  
And own in you alone the charms of Oxford join'd.









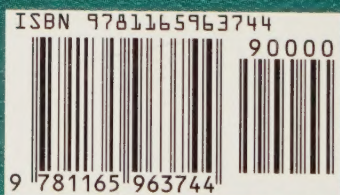
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